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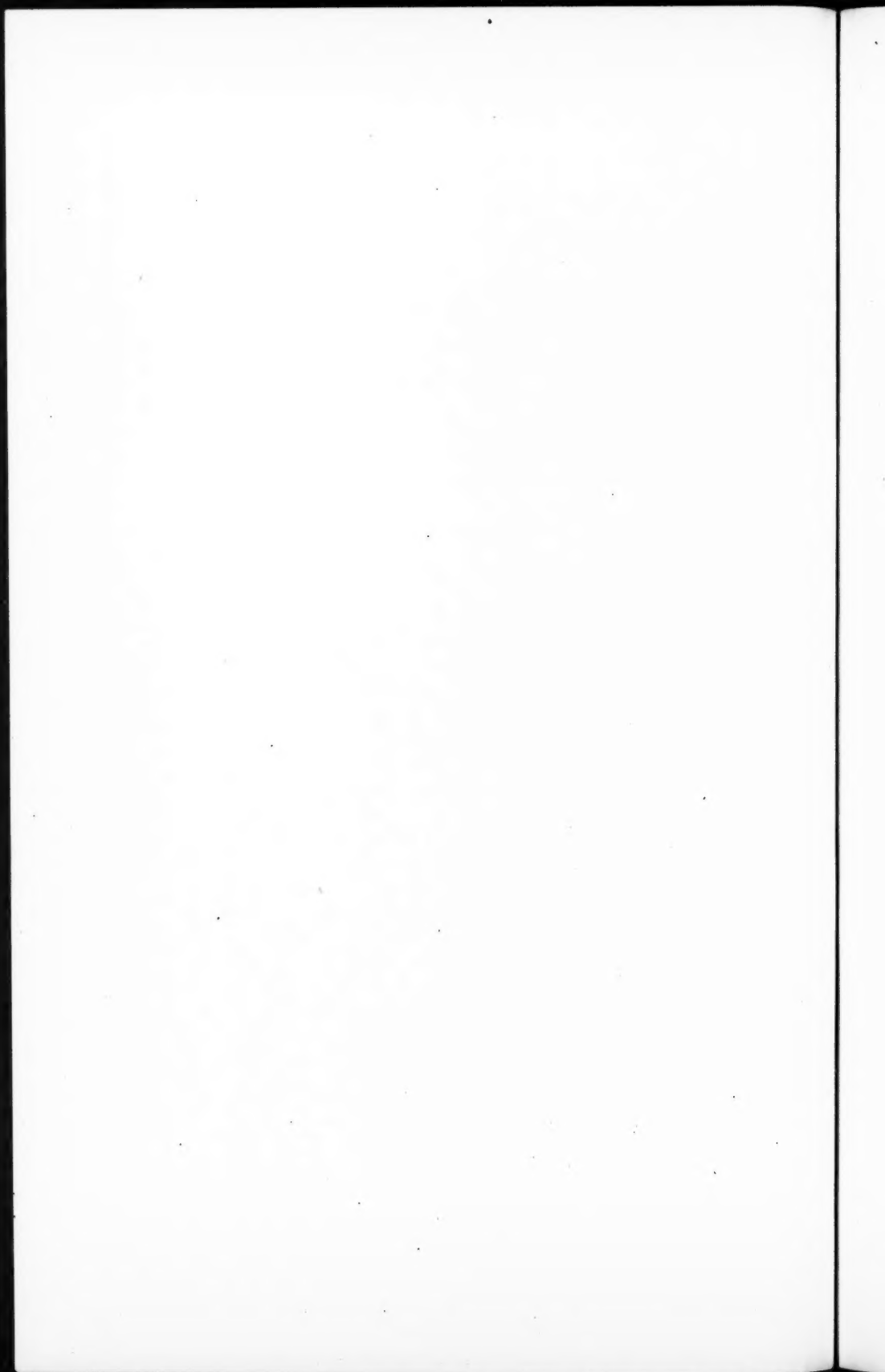




MICHIGAN HISTORY MAGAZINE

VOLUME VIII, 1924, No. 4

GEORGE N. FULLER, *Editor*



# MICHIGAN HISTORY MAGAZINE

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VOL. VIII

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WHOLE No. 29

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## FIFTY YEARS OF MICHIGAN PROGRESS

BY WILLIAM W. POTTER

(Chairman State Public Utilities Commission)

LANSING

**I**T IS impossible within the time allotted, to catch more than a passing glimpse of the last fifty years of Michigan history.<sup>1</sup>

Many intelligent people continually lament the present, extol the past, and profess dark forebodings of the future. Civilization is a failure and progress a delusion, or the future must be better than the past.

A half century ago a majority of Michigan's population was rural. The present great industrial centers had not yet begun to drain the country of its population. Our people, for the most part, were from New York, Ohio and New England, with here and there a sprinkling of sturdy Dutch and German stock.

### GENERAL VIEW

Then the people were discussing low prices, high taxes, the building of the state capitol and the panic of 1873. Saloons were everywhere. There was no eighteenth amendment, no prohibition, no local option and no Volstead Act; no professional up-lifters and professional gun-men. Interest rates were high, labor plenty and money scarce. We had no gaso-

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<sup>1</sup>Address delivered at the semicentennial of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, held in the Senate Chamber at Lansing, May 21-23, 1924.

line stations, no cafes and no oil scandals. Men of intelligence were sometimes sent to Congress and the President's salary was greater than that of a prize-fighter. There were no local Red Cross Organizations, community centers and public rest rooms. We had no telephones, electrical development, high tension transmission, sky-scrapers, jitneys, nor motor buses. No net work of overhead wires, no picture shows, no state police, no great metropolitan daily newspapers, no budget system, no central accounting system, no centralized state purchasing and no state administrative board; we had no beet sugar factories, food factories, cement plants, automobile factories; nor automobiles and no enormous commercial development, no finance corporations, gas bombs, community drives, automatic rifles, machine guns, cream separators, traction engines, condensaries, de-hydrating plants, X-ray machines and no system of wireless communication. Men wore boots and horses wore shoes. There were no submarines to navigate beneath the ocean's depths, nor aeroplanes to sweep the skies.

#### HIGHWAYS AND TRAVEL

The usual means of locomotion besides the railroad was by horse team and wagon. Ox teams were still common on farms and highways. Comfortable vehicles were scarce; highways were comparatively unimproved and so full of stumps, ruts and mud in rainy seasons as to be almost impassable. Corduroy cause-ways were familiar, travel was generally confined to a limited area, although there were probably then more people travelling by team and covered wagon over-land toward the unsettled west than ever since that time. The modern automobile was made possible, and during the last twenty-five years that means of travel has phenomenally developed. Highway construction has been entirely changed. We have improved the old territorial and State roads, and highway transportation has gone forward rapidly. There are

now 70,000 commercial motor vehicles and 700,000 other motor vehicles paying licenses to the state which aggregate about nine million dollars annually. We have bonded the State for fifty million dollars for highway improvement. We began the construction of highways principally of gravel, but with the growing use of heavy motor vehicles, the demand for more durable types of road construction became general. In the ten years last past, the people of this State have spent \$135,000,000 in highway improvement, construction and maintenance. The \$50,000,000 State bond issue has been almost exhausted and the State must meet the high maintenance costs and provide for the extension and perfection of the existing highway system, and one of the problems which must be met and solved is how best to provide the money with which to carry on.

#### INDUSTRIAL AND ECONOMIC CHANGES

We resumed specie payments in 1879. The "shinplaster" disappeared. We provided for the purchase and coinage of silver on the basis of sixteen to one with gold. We projected ourselves into the panic of 1893 to 1897 by following the teachings of doctrinaires rather than the dictates of statesmanship. We cut the value of real estate and personal property in the United States in two. More than three million men were without employment. Public soup houses were established in all our large cities to feed the starving, hundreds and thousands of evicted tenants hovered shivering about our public buildings asking for food and shelter. The principal newspaper advertising was mortgage foreclosures. Thousands of unemployed men roamed the country. Coxey's army was organized and marched to Washington to ask relief. We had advocates of the free and unlimited coinage of silver, of iron and of copper.

#### THE SPANISH AMERICAN WAR

The centralization of rebellious Cubans into concentration

camps where they died from yellow fever and starvation by thousands, the destruction of the Maine in Havana Harbor, and the goading of American newspapers precipitated the Spanish American War. Some war clothing contracts were fraudulently entered into, several prominent men were indicted and subsequently convicted, and a large part of the money fraudulently abstracted from the treasury recovered. Governor Pingree then pardoned the offenders. We closed our markets as European dumping grounds, set our people at work manufacturing American made products and they have been quite generally at work since.

#### STREETS AND SIDEWALKS

Wooden sidewalks were in general use and in the metropolitan districts were plentifully besprinkled with tobacco juice. The long skirts worn by women swept the discarded cigar stubs into windrows. Cigarettes were not yet in general use. Long rows of hitching posts lined the city streets and these thoroughfares sometimes paved, were generally cleaned with a shovel and team about twice a year to reclaim the fertilizer.

#### HOTELS

The halfway houses of stage coach days had fallen into disuse, the hotels of Detroit, Grand Rapids, Jackson, and Saginaw were ramshackle wooden structures without fire escapes, poorly lighted, poorly heated and poorly ventilated; without respectable sanitary arrangements, plentifully inhabited by bed-bugs and cockroaches; with rats frequently chasing one another across the floors; each hostelry emitting a strong odor of stale liquor and tobacco,—run on the American plan.

#### TELEPHONE DEVELOPMENT

The first telephone practical for commercial use was exhibited at the centennial in 1876. Telephony had been known

for years before to scientific investigators. Now we have 500,000 telephones in Michigan and more than 1,000 telephone companies, and the ability through toll service to talk to one in New York, San Francisco, Havana or Quebec as easily as to one in the next block.

#### DAIRYING

Fifty years ago a house-wife strained the milk, stored it in the spring-house or cellar, skimmed the cream by hand, made the butter, and the skimmed milk went to the calves and pigs. Now the State is dotted with creameries and in almost every community condensaries and dehydrated milk plants utilize enormous quantities of milk. With the rapid centralization of population in our industrial centers, the delivery of cream and milk for family use and of condensed milk for ice cream has assumed great importance.

#### FARM TOOLS

Farm tools have entirely changed. Fifty years ago the greater part of the grain raised in Michigan was harvested with a cradle, and grass was cut largely with the scythe. The mowing machine, the reaper, the binder, the hay tedder, the steam thresher, the tractor, the milk separator, the corn shredder and many other tools have made possible the release of labor formerly utilized on the farm.

#### FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

The house-wife then canned or dried peaches and apples or made apple butter, occasionally the cider mill made apple jelly but for the most part this industry flourished about forty years ago. Now fruit shipping associations look after the grading and marketing of apples to a large extent. Peaches and cherries are handled in commercial canneries and by the same process large quantities of vegetables are canned. The grape juice industry has been placed on a commercial basis, refrigerator car lines not only make possible

the marketing of our potatoes in foreign markets, but bring to us for use the tropical and sub-tropical products of distant lands as well as the early vegetables and berries produced in the south. There is a tendency toward centralization of business, the division of labor, and the application of factory methods to what were once domestic arts.

#### RAILROADS AND RAILROAD TAXATION

Many railroads had already been constructed. The constitution of 1850 provided that all specific taxes, except those derived from the mining companies of the upper peninsula should be paid into the State treasury and credited to the primary school fund, and all railroads were specifically taxed.

We passed through the Cleveland Panic of 1893 to 1897. Under the system of specific taxation and the existing economic conditions, the primary school fund was depleted and the burden of local taxation increased. Governor Pingree demanded the abolition of the system of specific taxation of railroads, the substitution therefor of an ad valorem system of railroad taxation and the diversion of the proceeds of such substituted system of taxation from the primary school fund to the general fund of the State.

The Pingree proposal was opposed on the grounds that it was unconstitutional and contrary to public policy. If it provided for a specific tax, it was unconstitutional because the revenues to be derived therefrom were not paid into the State treasury for the benefit of the primary school fund as required by the constitution. If it provided for an ad valorem system of taxation it was unconstitutional, because it violated the constitutional provision that all ad valorem taxation should be uniform, and the Pingree plan admittedly did not provide for a uniform rule of taxation. The proposed law was passed and was soon afterward declared unconstitutional. The State Tax Commission was created, and the constitution amended, and during the administration of Governor Bliss



the ad valorem system of railroad taxation was enacted into law.

Public sentiment, during the years of agitation, had settled upon a radically different system of ad valorem taxation from that proposed by Governor Pingree, and though the ad valorem system of taxation was adopted, the proceeds derived from the taxation thus imposed upon the railroads were irrevocably directed by constitutional amendment to be paid into the primary school fund of the State and "the little red school house on the hill" thus won another contest for the preservation and extension of popular education. All of the Pingree agitation came to naught so far as relieving the tax burdens imposed upon the public for the support of the general fund of the State were concerned.

#### PARTY NOMINATIONS

Formerly we had the convention system of party nominations, a system of successive filtrations from the caucus through the county convention, the State convention and the national convention, which made presidential nominations. Theoretically the best men were selected in each instance as delegates. As the country grew more prosperous a few wealthy men assumed to dictate politics and control public affairs. Political party contests were frequently characterized as "battles of barrels" to the general disgust of the electorate. Gradually public sentiment for the primary system of nominations crystallized. At first its adoption was made optional by counties; then it was made compulsory. It has the advantage of placing the power of nomination directly in the hands of the people but it has not decreased the use of money in political party campaigns. So widespread has become the complaints as to its abuse that strong demands are already being made for its repeal. The people are not likely to consent to its abolition until satisfied that it is incapable of longer giving them control of political nominations.

## SCHOOLS AND EDUCATION

Although the constitution of 1850 provided for the establishment and maintenance of free schools, it was not until 1869 that the system of free schools was established. Fifty years ago the free school system was just getting fairly under way. The old academies were falling into disuse, high schools were being established in the cities and villages of the State. The University has greatly increased its student population; State Normal Schools have been established in Mt. Pleasant, Marquette and Kalamazoo, county normal schools have been inaugurated and the number of educational institutions for the defective has been increased, and they have been improved in efficiency. Probably the greatest departures in education have been in the improvement of the free school system, the establishment of rural high schools, the growth of technical schools and the establishment in many of our cities of junior colleges.

## THE CONSTITUTION OF 1908

The constitution of 1908 which, in a large measure, substituted that of 1835 for that of 1850, was adopted, and through it the doctrines of the Initiative, Referendum and Recall,—the first steps toward the dissolution of constitutional government,—were made a part of our basic law.

## WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION LAW

We have established the Workmen's Compensation Law which really amounts to compulsory working men's insurance against disability resulting from industrial accidents.

## ADMINISTRATIVE CHANGES

We have adopted the budget system of appropriations, the central purchasing department and the central accounting system in State affairs; we have eliminated a number of administrative boards by placing their activities under the supervision of other departments of the State government,

and over all have placed the State Administrative Board as the supervisory and directing head of the business administration of the State.

#### LABOR ORGANIZATIONS

Side by side with the growth of the great corporations has grown up great labor organizations, by which laboring men have been able to combat the economic pressure brought to bear upon them by vast corporations. Labor organizations may not be perfect, but they are necessarily and rightfully here, and through organization, association and co-operation, they have in some measure kept the economic balance from preponderating too much the other way, and have enabled the laboring man to hold his own in the struggle for existence, to educate his children, and to strengthen his influence in society.

#### WOMEN IN INDUSTRY

Fifty years ago, outside of domestic service, there were few avenues of employment open to women outside of teaching school. Now women predominate as clerks in mercantile establishments, as office help in all kinds of business and as bookkeepers and stenographers. Not a few travel as saleswomen and demonstrators. Telephone operation, unknown fifty years ago, is almost entirely controlled by women, and with the growth of hospitals, hundreds of women are employed as nurses. In addition to this, during the World War the women came forward to operate elevators, to man various industrial plants, to operate street railways and motor vehicles. One of the most marked changes in the social order in the last fifty years has been the rise of women in industry.

#### NEGROES

With the agitation in the South for better educational facilities for the colored race, the prevalence of lynch law, the denial to them of the constitutional right of trial by jury;

limitations placed upon European immigration and the great demand in the North Central states for employes in manufacturing institutions, there has come a migration of Negroes from the South to the North. Some white people from the South have come to the northern states, but the number of Negroes from the South that have established themselves in Detroit, Flint, Pontiac, Jackson, Lansing, and other active industrial centers in the last decade is little less than enormous. It is estimated that in the last ten years more than 75,000 Negroes have come to Michigan from the various southern states.

#### ANTITOXINS

Fifty years ago the methods of combating disease were comparatively crude. Vaccination for small-pox was then known, but in the last few years there have been discovered and tested various other antitoxins; particularly important are those for typhoid fever and malaria. An examination of the statistics compiled in relation to the Civil War, the Spanish American War and the World War, demonstrate that a great decrease in the number of deaths occasioned by disease was brought about by these preventive measures.

#### SANITARY ENGINEERING

Probably in few things has there been a greater change than in sanitary engineering. In cities polluted water supplies and deficient sewer systems were then a frequent cause of epidemic. Michigan in the early 30's was swept by the cholera. Notwithstanding Roman civilization reached the highest mark of ancient European culture, the plague of Antonines destroyed more than fifty million of her people, and from this pestilence, Rome never recovered. The last fifty years has seen the development of sanitary engineering, the establishment of un-polluted water supplies for cities and villages and sanitary sewerage disposal which has revolutionized living conditions, and jointly with new discoveries in

preventive medicine has contributed greatly to lengthening the average of human life.

#### GREAT CORPORATIONS

Big business demands large capital. Fifty years ago men spoke with awe of the millionaire. We have anti-trust laws in the State and Nation but the world's largest corporations do business here. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company whose wires net the State, claim assets of more than \$1,500,000,000. The United States Steel Company, the largest iron and steel manufacturers in the world which operates immense mines in the upper peninsula of Michigan, has an authorized capital of considerably more than one billion dollars. The General Motors Corporation and its subsidiaries, now capitalized at more than one billion dollars, has in this state the plants of the Buick, Oldsmobile, Chevrolet, Oakland, Cadillac, and G. M. C. Truck Company, while the Ford Motor Company, the Studebaker, Hudson, Paige, Packard, Reo and many other great corporations have property running into many millions of dollars.

#### CONSERVATION

Fifty years ago we contended that this was a country of inexhaustible resources. It was undoubtedly the largest unexploited region on the globe, but in recent years our lands have been occupied, forests have disappeared, our fur bearing animals largely exterminated, and our game and fish supplies depleted.

With the development of oil burners and internal combustion engines, national oil resources have become a bone of contention. There is more anthracite coal burning equipment than coal to burn. Notwithstanding enormous quantities of bituminous coal are available, it is now known that if in the future we increase the consumption of bituminous coal at the rate such consumption has increased in the past fifty years, exhaustion of bituminous coal is well within sight. These

and similar facts have turned attention of thinking men toward the conservation of national resources.

If we are to go on industrially in the future as in the past, power must be available. Coal is largely used for generating electricity. It is a destructible natural resource. Water power is available as a substitute therefor. It is indestructible. We should then, as far as possible, substitute the use of hydro-electric power for steam generated electrical energy and thus conserve coal. High power transmission of electricity is a reality. If we are going to burn coal for the generation of electrical energy, why not burn it at the coal mine's mouth, transmit the electrical energy instead of hauling coal by railroad, and thus eliminate the coal necessary for hauling and release the necessary coal car equipment for other uses.

One-third of the area of the United States is unfit for agriculture. Farms are being abandoned throughout the eastern and southern states. The forests of New England, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota are but a memory. Large cuttings are now being made in the South and on the Pacific coast. It is but a few years in the future when timber from Alaska, central and south America, East India and Siberia will be placed upon the market, all of which indicates that we should give our best attention to the study of substitutes for wood as building material, protect the forests still remaining in the United States from useless destruction by forest fires; extend practical reforestation on public lands by State aid and on private lands by appropriate inducements, and attempt at least to prevent the destruction of our timber supplies and re-establish our forests.

#### FISH AND GAME

Closely related to the conservation of forests is the rehabilitation of our fish and game supplies through intelligent conservation. Ordinary intelligence demands that we quit wast-

ing money in attempts to stock our forests, streams and lakes with fish and game not adapted to the conditions under which they must live; and the expenditure of public funds along practical instead of experimental lines, and proper protection of these supplies which already exist or may be established.

Michigan has never sought to capitalize climate or natural resources. No one who knows the facts, doubts that with its latitude, enormous shore line on five of the Great Lakes, with thousands of inland lakes, its healthful climate, excellent water and bracing atmosphere, its forest, fish and game, that, with the development of highway transportation over improved roads, Michigan will be visited by a still greater number of tourists, hunters and fishermen each year in quest of health, pleasure and recreation until its summer population will increase a million souls.

#### THE WORLD WAR

During the World War this State furnished upwards of 175,000 troops. Camp Custer, near Battle Creek, once had 45,000 men; Selfridge Field, near Mt. Clemens, was an aeroplane training camp. Since the war the State bonded itself by popular vote for \$30,000,000 to pay a soldiers' bonus.

#### FINANCE

During the last fifty years the center of world finance has passed from the Bourse and the Bank of England to New York. The next fifty years will see the center of American industry and finance moved from New York to the Middle West. Even now New York is a financial center only because a multitude of banks in the interior of the country carry their surplus funds in the banks of New York. Money is not made, but manipulated there. Its people are not creators of wealth, but manipulators of the earnings of others. American banking as now carried on is based on the proposition that New York bankers know more about how to use the people's money than the local bankers to whom it is entrusted.



## FLOUR, WOOL AND LUMBER INDUSTRY

Fifty years ago nearly every available water power on the smaller streams in the more thickly settled portions of the State was being utilized for a local custom flouring mill of small capacity where the grists of the local inhabitants were ground for the regular toll. Since that time these mills have mostly disappeared. Grain is marketed and flour manufactured in the larger flouring mills of the State and country and is merchandised for general use. Even fifty years ago wool carding mills were scattered over the lower peninsula of Michigan, in which wool from local customers was cleansed and carded into rolls ready for spinning. All or nearly all of these are gone. Wool is now marketed in competition with that of the entire world, and factory methods have replaced local industry in its manufacture. Then small saw mills everywhere abounded and lumber was so plentiful that timber was still being windrowed and burned in clearing the land. The pine lumber industry which in the past fifty years has denuded our State of its most valuable crop of timber had not yet reached its full development, but this industry about which so many romantic tales have been written, was even then getting under way.

## BASIS OF INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

Here in the North Central states, in the valley of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, is the most productive agricultural region in the world. Here cheap food is possible and the iron ore of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota meets the coal from Kentucky, Pennsylvania and West Virginia moving forward from Lake Erie ports by water. The corn and pork from the Middle West and the wheat from Canada and the northwest here meet and are all carried forward by water transportation and here is arising America's greatest industrial center. Here too is highly developed electrical distribution and great industrial production, the home of hun-



dreds of thousands of working men, high wages and high costs of living, but back of all these lies the fact that the dominant factors of industrial progress, food, raw materials, labor and transportation, are all here available more easily than anywhere else on the American continent. In the years to come the region of the Great Lakes will be the most important part of the United States.

#### INCREASED FOOD

Fifty years ago all energy ordinarily used in street and highway transportation either by street cars or in vehicular traffic was generated from hay, grain and vegetables, agricultural products. Animal power was used in the direction of that energy. Since that time through the development of methods of releasing and utilizing the vast energies stored up during prehistoric ages inside the earth, there has been made available for man's use energy to operate all or nearly all the vehicular traffic on the public highways as well as agricultural tractors and farm machinery. This has revolutionized American industrial conditions, released the food products and the stored up energy formerly used and utilized for these purposes, and the same are now available in other forms for direct use or indirect use in feeding animals suitable for human food capable of thus sustaining a great number of people in excess of what could be sustained under the conditions which formerly prevailed. No one has yet developed the statistics so far as I know, to illustrate or sustain these general propositions which appear to be self-evident.

#### MICHIGAN'S INDUSTRIAL POSITION

The last half century has been the world's most remarkable fifty years in the development of inventive genius and industrial achievement. It has seen Michigan lay aside the pioneer problems of the frontiersmen and face those of a rapidly expanding and complex industrialism.

According to the census statistics, Michigan in 1920 had 196,447 farms worth \$1,763,000,000, producing annual crops worth \$404,000,000. It then ranked as first among the states in the production of automobiles, threshing machines, refrigerators, engines, trucks, chemicals, mint, white beans and chicory. It is a large producer of silk, celery and paper. The Soo Canal and the Detroit River are the world's greatest water ways. Michigan stood second in the production of iron, fourth in copper, seventh in population, and tenth in education.

Whoever compiled the last Michigan annual, apparently sensitive to our increasing bonded indebtedness, after calling attention to its amount, adds that in 1920 the people of Michigan spent \$1,500,000 for perfume, \$3,000,000 for chewing gum, \$30,000,000 for motion picture shows, \$32,000,000 for candy, \$65,000,000 for tobacco and cigars, and \$65,000,000 for cigarettes, a total of \$196,500,000 or sufficient to pay all the State's outstanding bonds and leave \$140,000,000 annually to run the State.

The last fifty years has brought us aluminum and granite ware utensils; cost systems in productive industries, income tax statements and state corporation reports; closer accounting in agriculture, manufacture and in merchandising. The growth of industry has created an increased demand for technical knowledge, and every center of population has technical schools. Scientific advertising has been raised to the rank of the fine and expensive art. Charitable welfare work has strengthened the feeling of class resentment in some cases and in others established closer relationships between the rich and the poor. Public health service has received substantial support, from legislation and from the Rockefeller foundation. The Carnegie endowment fund established many libraries throughout the State, and lent an impetus to their maintenance independently.

The last fifty years has witnessed a remarkable growth in

secret societies, for the most part semi-religious social organizations, aiming to perform benevolent acts among the living rather than pay empty tributes to the dead.

We have bobbed hair and beauty shops; cash registers in place of shin plasters; department stores and sky scrapers; extensive road building and rapid increase and development of highway transportation, increased agricultural values and complex industrial development; with great changes in farm tools and implements; in public health, sanitation, schools, homes, recreation and methods of living, with the enormous growth in the use of electrical energy in industry and commerce; increase of population and wealth, taxation and expenditures, industrially, municipally and nationally; it is well to call attention to the influence of big business, of efficient corporate industrialism upon government, because it was of the ideas of efficiency born of experience in big business, that the theory of a budget system of appropriations, central purchasing department and a central accounting system, all under the general control of the Governor and Administrative Board had its origin. There is nothing new in these changes except the application of the principles governing large corporate enterprises to the business transactions of the State.

#### ELECTRIC DEVELOPMENT

We have run the gauntlet of kerosene lamps, gas lights, gasoline lamps, carbide lighting systems and electric lighting. The old high towered arc lights for city lighting have for the most part disappeared. The electric railroad has been developed for street car and interurban service. Electric light and power is in general use in the cities and villages of the State and there is a growing demand for the more complete utilization of electric energy among the farmers of the State. There is a widespread demand for the development and utilization of the hydro-electric energy to be made available at Muscle Shoals and the development of the St. Lawrence waterway. There has been a falling into disuse of local

electric plants and the gradual appropriation of their business by the larger companies capable of giving cheaper, better and more continuous service. The development of electricity lies at the basis of telephony, and of the internal combustion engine, and the X-ray, which has been developed as an aid to surgical science. It made possible the application of the gasoline engine to aeroplane construction as well as the wireless system of communication, which though widely used is still in its experimental stage.

#### DETROIT—A FUTURE METROPOLIS

The French, before Detroit was founded, recognized that the straits between Lake Huron and Lake Erie were the key to the great Northwest. La Honton in 1688 established a fort near the site afterward occupied by Fort Gratiot; and, anticipating the English who likewise recognized the importance of Detroit's site, Cadillac in 1701 established a fort at Detroit, the key to the fur trade of the upper lakes, the connecting link between Canada and Louisiana, the source of contention during colonial wars, the rendezvous of the British and the Indians during the Revolution, and now the commercial metropolis of the State and the fourth city in population in the Union. Despite its lack of foresight in the past and the struggle of provincial and metropolitan ideas for mastery, Detroit will continue to be one of America's foremost industrial centers.

#### BASIS OF CONTINUED SUPREMACY

The question is, can we maintain this dominant industrial position? This State exceeds all others in the number of its State parks. Its improved highway system has opened to the tourist, hunter and the fisherman easy access to its great natural game and fish reserves which, combined with its unsurpassed climate and excellent water, make Michigan the playground of America. To maintain our supremacy, Michigan must create and maintain a better system of forest fire pro-

tection by compelling those engaged in lumbering to clean up refuse in order to destroy in advance the fuel on which forest fires feed; and by extending and perfecting our forest-fire patrol and warden systems we should prevent almost entirely the useless destruction of growing forests and pursue a sane and sensible policy of reforestation, increase our fish and game supplies, inaugurate practical methods of soil improvement, inaugurate State trunk line drainage and care for our already overcrowded drainage outlets, make available the richer and more highly productive agricultural lands, improve our facilities for the transportation of persons, property, energy and intelligence, improve if possible our water highways to the gulf and to the Atlantic, protect the bona-fide settlers by a State system of land certification, conserve our wood, coal and oil by utilizing our potential hydro-electric energy, bring the use of that energy to the farm and rural home, pay our State debts, improve our system of taxation and holding fast to all that is good in the past, go on to solve the problems of the future.

## THE FRANKLIN ISLE ROYALE EXPEDITION

BY WILLIAM P. F. FERGUSON

FRANKLIN, PA.

**B**Y COINCIDENCE, at the very time when the *Michigan History Magazine* was presenting to its readers my report of the discovery of a prehistoric town on Isle Royale and my suggestion for exploration there (see July-October number, 1923), I was upon Isle Royale, at the head of the Franklin Isle Royale expedition, prosecuting the work suggested.

I had hoped to be able to begin work in the late August of 1923, but a variety of obstacles delayed the project, and it was not until the latter part of September that it could be undertaken. The major part of the expedition, with equipment and materials, reached the rendezvous on Thursday, September 20, but, owing to the failure of steamers to connect at Port Arthur, I, with my adjutant, Mr. Peter M. Lowry of Franklin, Pennsylvania, after a stormy voyage of nearly fifty miles in a twenty-two-foot motor boat, arrived late at night on Saturday, September 22.

Our camp,—Camp Franklin—was on the shore of Hay Bay, an arm of Siskiwit Bay, at the home of Mr. William H. Lively, the game and fire warden of the Island. We were provided with comfortable tents and utilized the warden's ample log cabin as a kitchen and mess hall. The expedition mobilized a working force of six able-bodied sappers, most of them recruited from northern Michigan and the Minnesota shore, with a qualified geologist, an accomplished forester, a prime cook and, in the commander, a hard-driving "boss." Our equipment was such as experience had taught me would be needed in the enterprise, including a good camp outfit, wheelbarrows, mattocks and shovels and planking for runways and platforms.

It proved fortunate that delays had occurred for, while,

during several weeks preceding our arrival the Island had been deluged with rain, which would have prevented work, during the seventeen days of our stay there was no rain and the most suitable working weather was enjoyed.

There were two points for exploration in contemplation. Chief of these, of course, was the prehistoric townsite; but I was anxious also to do some work at a prehistoric mine about two miles distant from the town, which seemed to me to offer some features not found in the comparatively well known mines of McCargoe Cove of which I have spoken in the former article.

Our road from the camp to both of these points lay up Hay Bay and the broad estuary of the Sibley River, by boat, the town being reached by an easy trail of a half-mile from the landing but the mine by a trail of nearly three miles, through swamps and over exceedingly rough ground. The difficulty of transporting working outfit over this trail was by no means inconsiderable.

I will speak first, briefly, of our work at the mine, although it was done after our excavations at the townsite.

This old mine, which lies in the southwestern corner of Section 22 of Township 64N, Range 37W, according to the Ives Survey, is located at a point where a knoll of amygdaloid rock juts out from the side of a ridge, covering a base of perhaps five acres and rising to a height a little in excess of one hundred and fifty feet above the swamp at its base. Into this knoll the ancient miners drove five trenches, penetrating the rock, at points, to a depth of more than fifteen feet. The longest of these trenches is nearly five hundred feet in length, running from the southwest corner to the top of the knoll; two others run diagonally up the south side, while two more, one of them very large and deep, are driven from a ravine on the northwest of the knoll.

The method of operation was apparently similar to that which I have described in speaking of the McCargoe mines,



though the traces of fire were not as numerous, and the stone hammers, which were found in considerable numbers, were in the majority of cases mere local boulders utilized for the purpose. The characteristic hammer of diabase stone, brought from the Canadian shore, was encountered, but less frequently, probably owing to the remoter location of the mine from the source of supply for such hammer-heads, nearly seventy-five miles away.

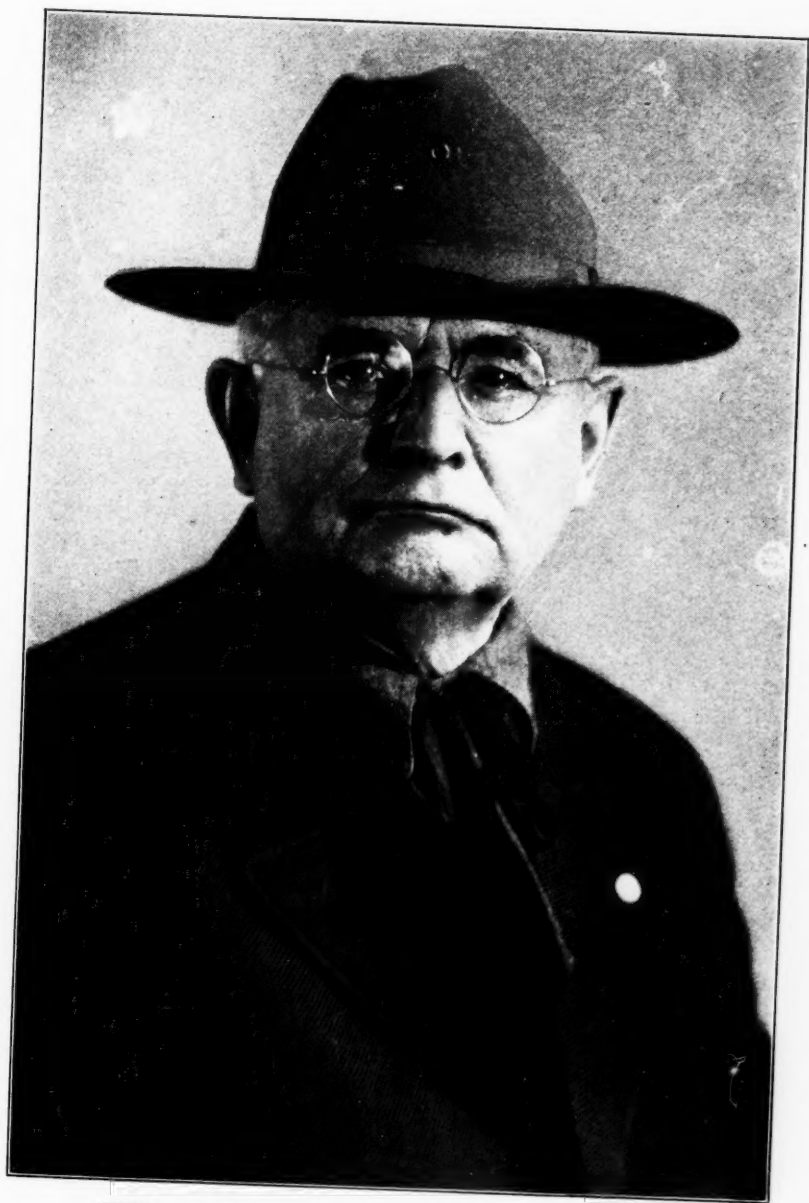
The magnitude of the work at this old mine was even more impressive than that found in the McCargoe Cove district. No accurate estimate of course could be placed upon the period of time necessary to complete the work; but I do not believe that a force of twenty-five men could merely remove the debris from the old trenches in six months of steady work.

It was impossible, too, to form any estimate of the reward, in the way of copper found, accruing to the old-time miners. The rock of the knoll is shot through with little veins of copper, along the line of which trenches were driven. The showing we found was so rich that any prospector, unacquainted with the unfortunate history of mining effort on Isle Royale, would be likely to think he had found a bonanza. We found many small pieces of pure copper, both in the rock and in the piles of debris through which we drove trenches.

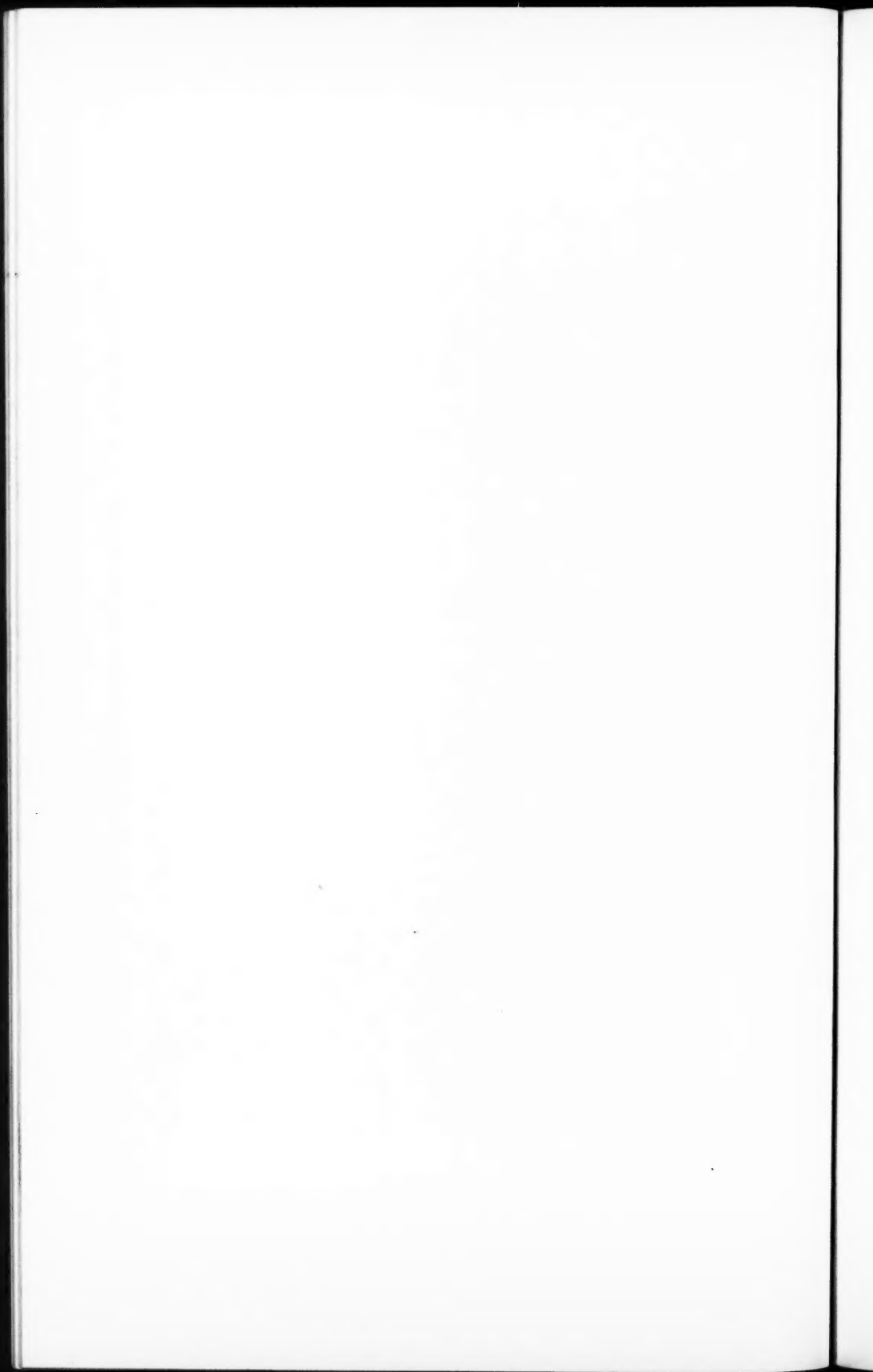
I frankly confess that, from the standpoint of discovery, the work at the old mine was wholly disappointing. I had hoped to find artifacts; this hope was the brighter because of the finding, in 1922, of a highly polished ax-head of diabase stone upon a rock overhanging one of the trenches, but aside from the broken stone hammers and an unidentified fragment of which I shall speak, we found absolutely nothing. If there exist here any of the huge unmanageable copper masses found in the old pits at McCargoe Cove, we did not encounter them.

I shall have occasion, however, to refer to some of my observations at the mine.





William P. F. Ferguson, commander of the Franklin Isle  
Royale Expedition



The old townsite, as surveyed by Uren and Dunston of our party, lies in Section 24 and Section 23 of the same township. It is located on both sides of the Sibley River, which at that point comes down, almost upon the section line, by a series of beautiful small falls over heavy trap rock.

The remains are in two general groups, respectively upon the northeast and southwest sides of the river. The principal feature of the first group is a large pit-dwelling surrounded by a clearly traceable earthwork, probably of defensive character. To the north of this is a cluster of smaller pits. Across the river there are a dozen pits of considerable size with scores of small pits, apparently mere holes in the ground, scattered over the rocky surface and among the trees, so numerous that we did not even try to count them.

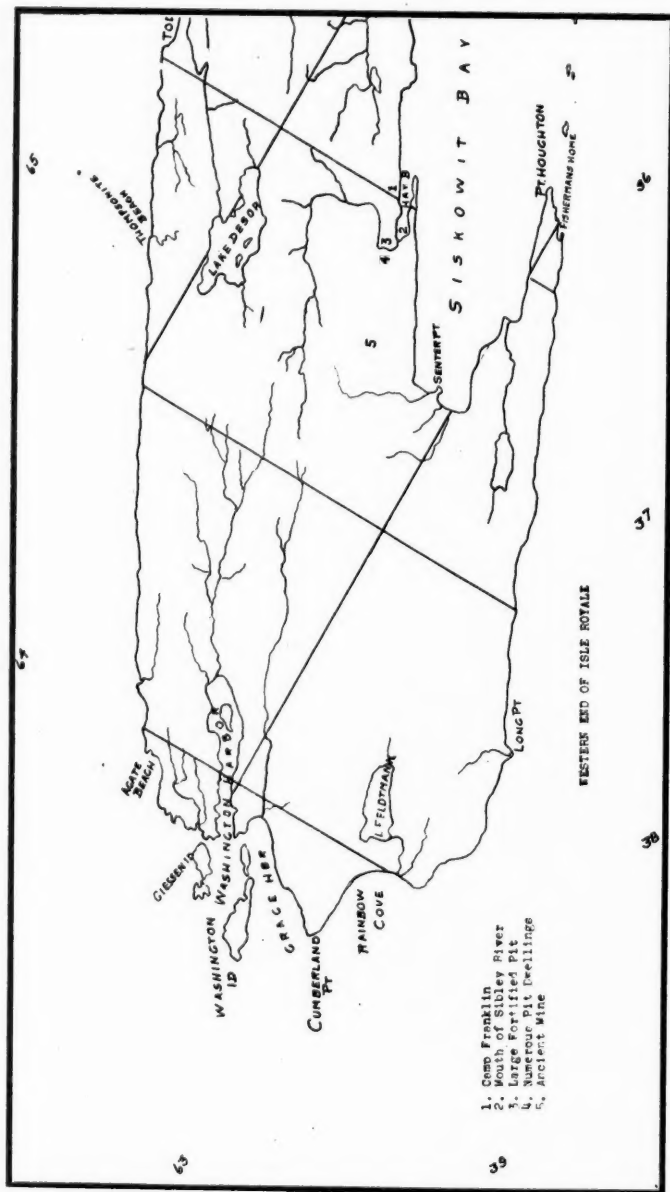
As I have explained in my former article, the terrain is a deposit of glacial boulders and gravel, driven into what may be roughly called a depression at the northeast end of one of the Island's numerous rock ridges. From a geological standpoint the mass is highly interesting, containing specimens which must have come from great distances and over a vast area.

Our first excavation on the townsite was made at what I will call Pit No. 1, the pit surrounded by the earthwork.

This earthwork is rectangular in form, the south embankment approximately fifty-five feet long, the east and west embankments, less clearly defined, one hundred and ten feet in length, with an outcropping of the rock ridge serving in place of an embankment on the north.

The north and south walls of the fort, as of all the larger pits; so far as these latter could be determined, lie, by our compass reading, declined about 10 degrees west from true north.

The pit itself is located in the southwest corner of the earthwork. Before the beginning of our work, this pit, surrounded by a group of second growth of birch, spruce and



pine trees, presented the appearance of an irregular truncated pyramid inverted. The western side was practically perpendicular, being cut down in rock. The southern side was nearly perpendicular, although the stone wall by which it was originally faced had tumbled down piecemeal into the excavation. On the eastern side, the wall had apparently been pushed in by the pressure of the earth, falling to pieces, so that only in spots were enough stones left together to be recognizable as part of a wall. On the northern side, where, at some seasons of the year, considerable volumes of water must pour down as the natural drainage of the old fortress, there has been something like a mass movement of the original debris from the excavation, so that it was impossible to locate the original position of that side.

At no place during the work could we find in the material handled any apparent difference between the virgin glacial deposit, the ancient dump piles and the debris involved in the movement of the sides since the pit-dwelling was abandoned. Apparently the time elapsed since both the natural sliding back of material and the original excavation has been so great that in all cases the materials have settled down to comparatively exact conformity to the geological deposit.

The excavation, as it existed when we were ready to begin work, measured substantially thirty feet east and west, twenty-five feet north and south, with a depth of nine feet below the apparent natural surface of the earth or fifteen feet below the top of the south embankment.

The bottom of the excavation was filled with a mixture of forest debris, loose stones and gravel to an irregular depth of perhaps eighteen inches. Below this was a layer of stones and gravel without forest debris, excepting that it was penetrated by a network of tree roots. These roots, it may be remarked, we encountered wherever we dug, to the very bottom of all our excavations. Below this layer, we encountered a dense mat of roots and rotted leaves which was re-

moved in sections, sometimes as large as a bed mattress, six or eight inches thick. Below this was another layer of gravel and stones and another mat.

After a penetration of about five feet, we encountered the fire platform. Of this feature of all our excavations I shall speak more in detail hereafter. In this case, we were unfortunate in not knowing what we had encountered, mistaking first the stones of the platform for mere fallen-in boulders and then supposing that we had found a paved bottom of the pit. Many of the stones were removed before we realized what they were and it was the discovery of stones which had been acted upon by the fire which created the first suspicion of the real character of what we had found. Underneath the top stones of the platform, we found traces of fire, with burned sticks, taking out one stick, rotted to a pulp, nearly six inches in diameter and burned off as squarely as it could be cut with an axe.

The rotten condition of this stick was evidently caused by the presence of water which was plentiful in the bottom of this pit. We were inclined to believe this was surface water, since, although we were below the level of the river, it did not run rapidly when bailed out.

We excavated to a depth of substantially sixteen feet below the ground surface or perhaps two feet below the top of the fire platform, laying bare the bottom to an area of about fifteen feet east and west and ten feet north and south. During the whole of this excavation we frequently encountered broken stone hammers, about equally divided between the diabase stone and the boulders found in situ. None of these were grooved for helvcs but several of them showed the stain of rotted withes or thongs by which helvcs presumably had been attached. The presence of these was accounted for by the necessity of cutting down the rock in the west side of the pit. There were, however, a considerable number of small stone hammers, some of them showing

marks of much use, which could not have been of any service in breaking rock. It suggested itself that these were probably employed in beating copper into weapons and utensils. Aside from the stone hammers, no artifacts of any character were found.

Along the east side of this excavation lay a large pine tree-trunk which had grown upon the dump pile which may be assumed to mark the probable position of the northeast corner of this pit. The roots from the stump of this tree grew down over the side of the excavation, showing that it had grown since the pit was dug, as was also shown by the fact that stone hammers were found under the stump, entwined in the roots and in one case completely embedded and grown around by a huge root. Of the meaning of the tree as an evidence of the age of the work I will speak later.

After this work on Pit No. 1, we crossed the river and selected from the large pits on the western side Pit No. 2, one of three large pits lying in a line, as our next field of work.

On the west side of the river there is no sign of fortification of any sort and none of the pits are as large as Pit No. 1. Pit No. 2 measured substantially 17 feet east and west by 24 feet north and south, the north and south sides diverging westward from true north, as determined by compass reading, about 10 degrees.

The old walls of this pit remained in sections upon all sides, most markedly on the north side, which, as in the case of all the other pits excavated, was lowest and in this case had no deposit of debris, indicating that this was the entrance side. Assuming that the walls were originally perpendicular, they had been heaved in more at the bottom than at the top. It was suggested that this must mean that they were not originally perpendicular but sloped inward. I have, however, seen the same movement of walls in the old abandoned cellars of early settlers in the Catskill Mountains and believe that

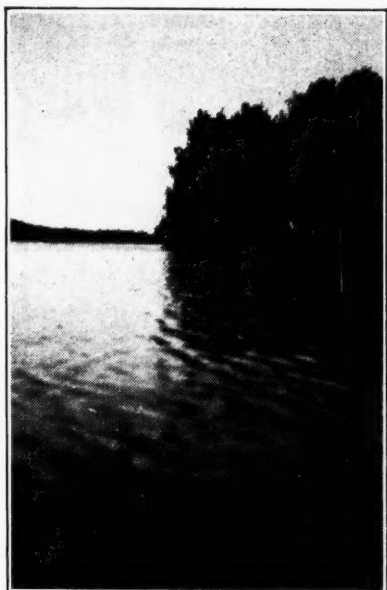
we may assume that they originally occupied a perpendicular position. In no cases did the corners remain clearly defined. The walls were built of small boulders, placed with some reference to the "face" of each stone, and in this pit were apparently only one stone thick.

Pit No. 2 was only a little more than six feet deep before the beginning of our work and at the depth of about three feet below this we found the fire platform.

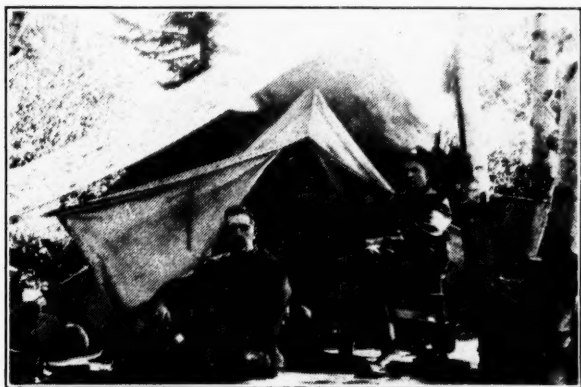
These platforms, which we found in all the pits excavated, were apparently built up between eighteen inches and two feet from what appeared to be the floor of the pit, although in the gravel formation the floor was not easily identified. They were built of small boulders, laid together loosely, substantially rectangular and about three and a half feet by four and a half feet in size. They seemed to be placed diagonally upon a line from the northeast to the southwest corner of the pit in each case. There was no mark of fire upon the top stones nor were there arches or fire-boxes of any kind in them. But, below the top, the stones showed clear marks of fire, some of them being so burned that they fell to pieces with the slightest handling, while charcoal and partly burned sticks were found among these stones. The unburned portions of these sticks, as of two sticks driven into the ground at each end of the platform in Pit No. 2, were as solid and undecayed as one would find a tree limb that had been lying on the ground for a few months. All the sticks found were spruce.

These fire platforms were an unsolvable puzzle. At the first discovery of them, we supposed that they were places for supporting fires, similar to the fire banks found in Indian wigwams and tepees, where the fire is slightly elevated above the floor to promote draft. The absence of any sign of fire upon the top stones, however, banished this idea. The fires were evidently built on the earth floor, against the sides of the platforms. There was no evidence of large fires and less

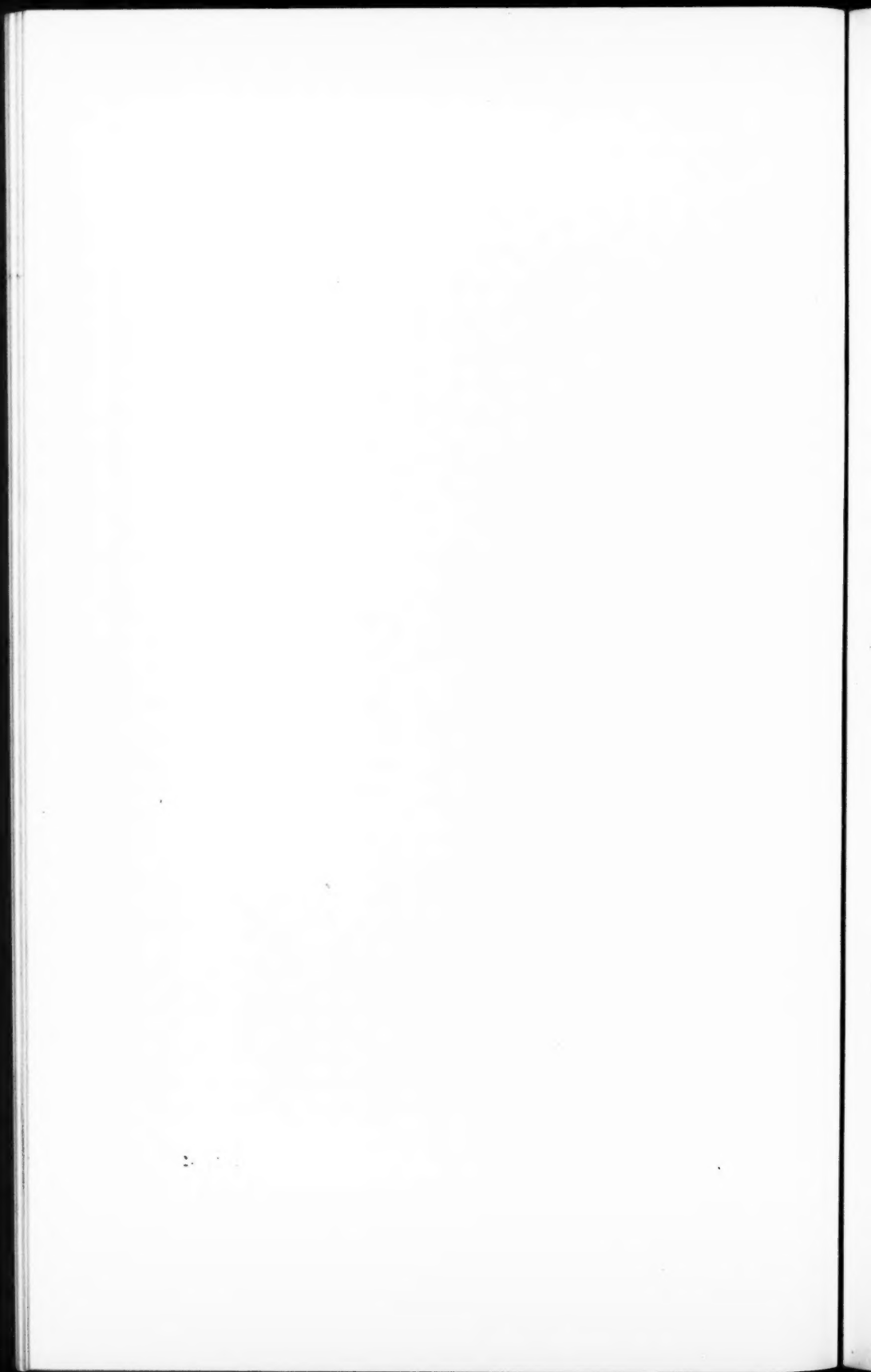




Estuary of the Sibley River  
below old townsite



The commander and adjutant in front of commander's  
tent at Camp Franklin



appearance of fire than would be consistent with long continued use.

There were a few stone hammers in the debris about Pit No. 2, possibly a dozen.

Pit No. 3 lies a few yards west of Pit No. 2 and is similar in every way, save that it is slightly larger. We excavated half of this, carefully, uncovering a fire platform, the lower layers of which showed marked signs of fire, though the top stones betrayed no acquaintance with heat. This pit afforded nothing new.

Pit No. 4 lies about thirty yards to the south of Pit No. 2 and before the beginning of excavation was in every way similar to the former pits, excepting that when we had removed the forest accumulation of leaves and brush, the walls were traceable in larger sections than we encountered elsewhere. Excavation proved that these walls were more carefully and solidly built, particularly on the south side, where they were two stones thick and had originally been comparable in stability to the stone walls built for fences by New England and York State farmers, excepting that they were built of boulders, there being no flat stones of building size in this formation.

We entered this pit from the southwest corner, carefully digging down to assure coming at the fire platform from the side, hoping to discover some solution of the problem as to the use of these. We were doomed to disappointment for, just above where we expected to find the platform and apparently resting upon it, we found the largest boulder encountered, a stone that would probably weigh a ton and a half, which must have rolled down from the debris pile. There was no way of determining whether it had originally been removed from the excavation, but that seems probable. It was so large, however, that in the absence of hoisting machinery it was utterly impracticable to attempt to remove it, and work on this pit was accordingly abandoned.

Pit No. 5 was selected from the group of pits lying to the north of Pit No. 1. These pits are slightly smaller and shallower than the others I have spoken of and I am unable to say whether all of them are walled. Pit No. 5, however, presented remnants of walls and a fire platform similar to the other pits but showing less signs of fire than we found elsewhere.

In addition to these, we excavated several of the numerous small pits found on the west side of the river. These present merely small depressions or holes in the ground, usually not more than two or three feet deep, ranging from six to ten feet across. They have no walls, but at a depth of from eighteen inches to two feet below the surface of the accumulation they all have rude fire platforms,—little more, however, than piles of stones, exhibiting evidences of fire, with bits of charcoal scattered through them.

In addition to these excavations, we dug over the surface of the ground about these pits to the extent of many square rods, in the hope of discovering artifacts or other evidence of occupation.

The reader may keep in mind that all this excavating work, which involved the removal of hundreds of tons of material, was done by hard labor. Nearly three-fourths of the volume of the matter removed was boulder, ranging in size from a double-fist to big stones weighing two hundred or two hundred and fifty pounds. The whole was penetrated with roots, a dense network which had to be cut with a mattock. Hardly a stroke could be taken that did not encounter a root. I may say in addition that much of the material was handled with hands and every shovelful of gravel or earth was carefully spread to prevent overlooking anything of importance. The mattock men watched the material moved with every stroke; the shovel men also watched carefully, and the barrow men, standing beside their barrows, inspected each shovelful thrown into them. Working at depth, another handling was

necessary, the material first being shoveled up to a plank platform and from there to the barrows, affording another opportunity for inspection.

In all the work, however, aside from the stone hammers, the finds were exceedingly disappointing. We found no other tools, utensils, or weapons, either of stone or copper. We found no bones, such as we confidently anticipated to encounter about the pit-dwellings or around their fire platforms.

The only artifacts found, aside from hammers, were small pieces of red material which we at first fancied might be broken fragments of crude pottery but which, on a little closer examination, were pronounced bits of iron oxide, the suggestion being that they had been brought here to be used for paint. I was enough in doubt about this to bring home several pieces which I have submitted to chemical analysis and the chemists pronounced them fragments of burned clay, probably small pieces of pottery. They were, however, very few and were found not directly in the pits but in the loose debris outside and one of them in the debris removed from the mine. In no case are they large enough to give any indication of form.

The absence of artifacts around this old town was the more disappointing because in the McCargoe Cove district the early white miners made some very interesting discoveries. Two or three people in various parts of the country, learning of my work on Isle Royale through press dispatches, have written me descriptions of copper tools and weapons found in the old workings in that section. Particularly Mr. Emmet H. Scott of LaPorte, Indiana, who was financially interested in the Minong mines at McCargoe Cove, writes me of excellently made copper spearheads picked up there and showed to him when he visited those workings in the seventies. There is a tradition, too, told by elderly men who visited or worked in those mines, of a large finely-wrought copper knife blade. Unfortunately, all these finds seem to have been

scattered. I am not able to learn that any of them are identified in any of the museums as coming from Isle Royale.

The problem presented by the absence of artifacts calls out several suggestions. First of these is the probable fact that these people, who apparently belonged to a period of development very close to what we know as the Old Stone Age, had few personal possessions of any sort, so that the chances of finding articles or broken pieces of any such would be small in any event and the more so because everything that they possessed must have had a high value and would have been carefully guarded.

A second consideration is that this townsite, as indicated by the small showing of fire around the platforms, may not have been long occupied.

A third is that, after the departure of the original inhabitants, whether of their own accord or because they were driven out by some other people, the ground may have been carefully gone over by people who picked up and carried away everything that they found.

We found no trace that white men had ever visited or noticed these old excavations, excepting that a cedar tree, some twelve inches in diameter, growing in Pit No. 3, had been cut down with an axe, apparently many years ago. There was no trace of the tree, aside from the stump. This is probably to be accounted for by the fact that some decades ago large buildings and docks were built by the white miners on the shore of the bay, some three miles from this point, and timber was cut for this work all along the side of the ridge. These pits were unmentioned in the field notes of Ives and have never been reported by timber cruisers or copper prospectors. The only known mention of them is by Mr. Gilman, in the magazine article, published more than fifty years ago, which I mentioned in my former article. For those who did not read my former article, I may repeat here that Mr. Gilman's article made very indistinct and vague reference to this

townsite and that I made the discovery of it only after three seasons of exploring work in the Siskiwit Bay region.

It now remains to determine whether anything which has been found identifies the ancient inhabitants of this town and the prehistoric copper miners.

The prevailing theory, so far as there can be said to have been a theory, is that these mines were worked by the Indians and that the operation of them continued down to the coming of the white men. In confirmation of this theory there has been published by several writers references to the works of early explorers, particularly of the Jesuit fathers who penetrated the Lake Superior region in the latter half of the seventeenth century. A recent writer in a popular publication has also quoted Raddison, with the assertion that he found here the source of the Lake Superior copper and that he heard from the Indians stories about an ancient people who mined it.

Raddison in his curious narration, indeed, tells us of a visit to the western end of Lake Superior where he was perhaps the first, if not certainly the first, white man to penetrate, in 1664. He mentions without naming it, a large island which must have been Isle Royale, but he makes no mention of any copper mine there and gives no intimation that he visited the island or heard anything about its inhabitants. He apparently spent considerably more than a year in the neighborhood, and it is wholly improbable that had mining been going on at that time he would have failed to hear something about it.

The Jesuit fathers seem to have been very carelessly read by those who have quoted them. Their most extensive mention of copper is in the *Narrations* for 1670. In these, Isle Royale is mentioned by its Indian name, Minong, and is spoken of as the probable source of some of the copper found around the lake. The writer of these *Narrations* does mention "mines," but the passage clearly indicates that he was

not speaking of worked mines but of mere deposits of copper. There is no intimation of any knowledge of the presence in Minong or elsewhere of workings, whether then in operation or ancient. All the copper spoken of is merely fragments, large or small, picked up along the lake shore, as they are picked up along the shores of Isle Royale occasionally even today.

Marquette is often spoken of as an authority for the Indian theory. Marquette did, indeed, draw a map of Lake Superior, fairly accurate, in which he located a large island, substantially where Isle Royale is located, although the outline of the island and its inclination to the main shore are wholly wrong; but there is no record that Marquette, in his brief missionary years, ever visited Isle Royale or knew of copper there. His field of labor lay to the south.

Unless some further evidence can be produced, I am compelled to believe that the Jesuit fathers never heard of the copper mines of Isle Royale, as mines; that these mines were not in operation in the Jesuit period and their time of operation was so long before that the work was overgrown by the forests and entirely forgotten, so that the Indians of the region, who visited Isle Royale and picked up copper along its shores but probably never had permanent habitations there, knew nothing about the ancient mines.

The one piece of local evidence so far available is presented by the forests. In the McCargoe Cove district, the early white miners found a forest of enormous pine trees growing over the ancient mine pits. Comparatively few of these trees are now standing, many of them having been cut down by the miners and others destroyed by fire, but old pine trees three feet and more in diameter, blown up by the roots, are found around McCargoe Cove with the ancient stone hammers held in the entwined roots. At other points on the island similar pine trees are still growing, but I have never felt at liberty to cut down a growing pine, which belongs to somebody, for the sake

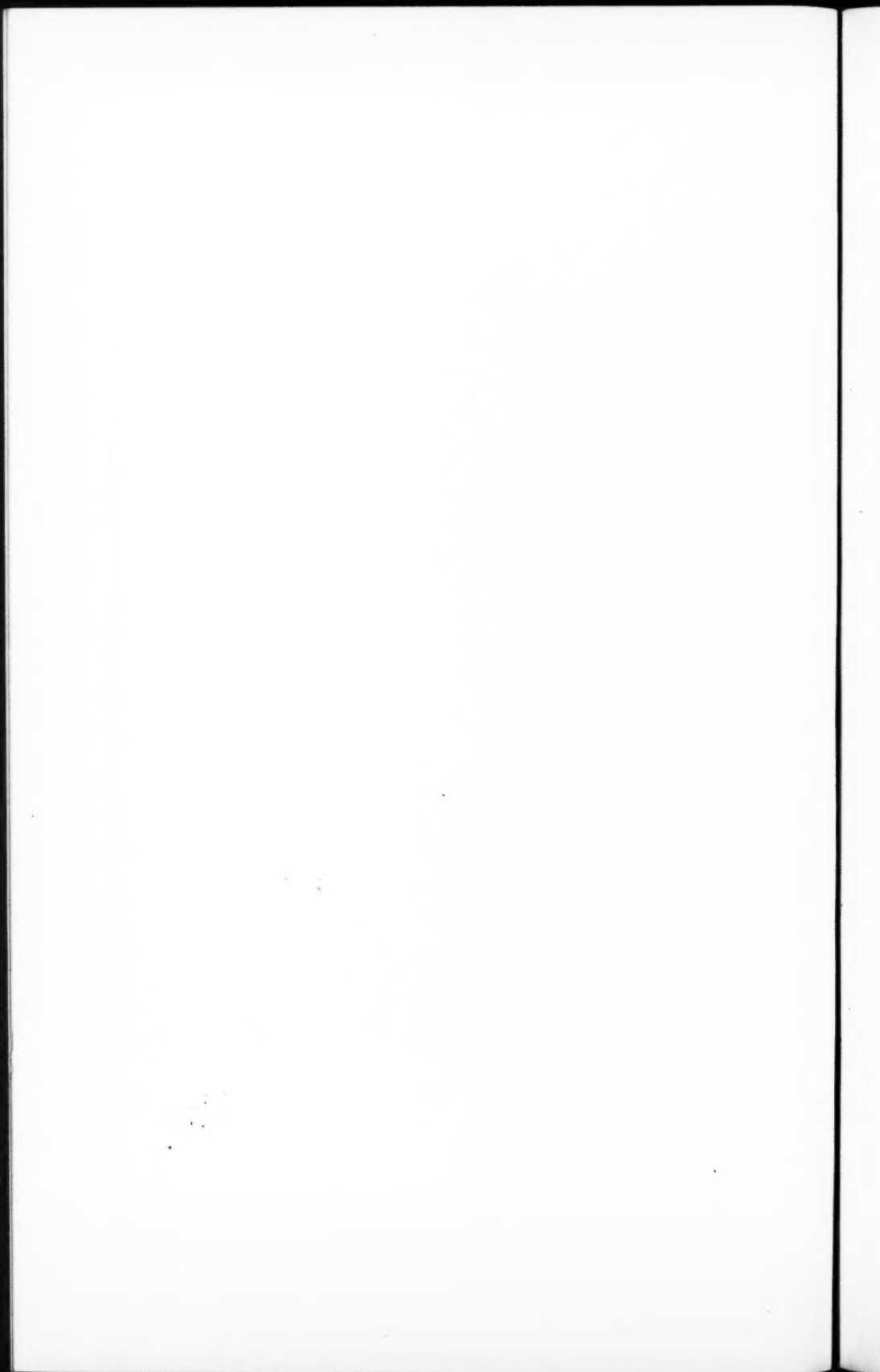




Resting on brink of a rock trench at the ancient mine



Outer walls at Pit 4 before digging



of counting the rings, nor have I had a force sufficient to do so at any time, excepting the past year, and, in that case, there were no growing large pines in the section where we worked.

I have already mentioned the large pine at the side of Pit No. 1 and have showed proofs that it grew since that pit was excavated. It is one of many hundreds of similar large pines lying fallen in this region. Believable tradition attributes their fall to a fire which swept this region, something like seventy-five years ago, when the early copper prospectors were at work. This tree was considerably rotted, but we were able to saw from the trunk, at a point which must have been nearly fifty feet above the ground, a comparatively solid section. This section presents a nine-inch radius, it being impossible to tell how much of the tree had been worn away outside this, by the action of the elements during the many years since it fell. Owing to the condition of the wood, I would not be willing to assert that I can count the rings absolutely correctly, but there seem to be one hundred and eighty-nine rings from the center to the circumference of this section. Standing near this fallen tree is a young pine, substantially fifty feet high; and two of my men who had been familiar with this northern country all their lives, one of them for thirty years owning a farm on which many such trees grow, asserted that a pine of that size was from fifty to seventy-five years old.

If now we estimate the growing period of this old tree at two hundred and fifty years (allowing fifty years for its growth up to the point where the section was taken) and remember that it has been lying seventy-five years in its present fallen condition, we have a period of three hundred and twenty-five years since this tree began to grow on the brink of this pit, which may even then have been long abandoned. In other words, we are justified in assuming that about the year 1598, or more than sixty years before the first white man

reached western Lake Superior, this ancient pit-dwelling had been dug and probably had been abandoned.

At the old mine there was another interesting old tree, of which there remained only a long line of rotted pulp, where the trunk had lain, and the larger roots, still fast in the soil. The decay which had taken place would indicate that this tree must have fallen far more than a century ago; but underneath the roots we found the mine debris and two broken hammers. The tree was evidently much larger than the one at the pit. I do not believe anyone acquainted with forest growth and decay would doubt that it must have been growing at least five hundred years ago. It certainly began to grow after the miners had finished their work at that point.

This is about as far as we can go in fixing age.

I would make the collateral observation that the character of this work seems to me to preclude the supposition that it was done by the Indians. Even if we suppose that the Mound Builders were identical with the Red Indians, nothing which they are known to have done is comparable with the rock work of these old mines, while I am unable to find any record or trace of habitation left by the Mound Builders bearing any resemblance to the pit-dwellings.

Right here, in these pit-dwellings, with their fire platforms, it seems to me that we have found the one distinctive thing by which there may be some possibility of identifying or associating these ancient miners. The question is, Where else in the world has there lived a people who dwelt in walled pits, roofed undoubtedly with some perishable material, perhaps skin, perhaps bark, and built their fires about rude stone platforms, as these people did?

I confess I have turned very many thousand pages in the big libraries without finding any answer to that question. Perhaps some one else may be ready to give it.

For a little time it seemed that a parallel might exist in Europe, where some writers speak of ancient pit-dwellings;

but the more recent authorities dissipate this hope and tell us that what were taken for pit-dwellings are in fact only ancient mining pits.

It would be premature to express any theory as to the identity of these ancient people. Their period, I believe, once having eliminated the theory of comparatively recent Indian origin, may be almost indefinitely remote. There is nothing to preclude the possibility that these old mines were dug and this old town inhabited a thousand or two thousand years ago. It is not probable that the miners were permanent inhabitants, either of Isle Royale or that part of the country. They may have come from very far away. There may have been annual or occasional pilgrimages or expeditions from some more or less remote country to get this copper. I think, however, the pit-dwellings warrant us in believing that, at least once, the miners spent a winter on Isle Royale. The pit-dwellings would never have been constructed for other than winter occupation. It has occurred to me that this town, as I mentioned in my former article, may have been a sort of holding garrison to protect the landing in Hay Bay or the mouth of the Sibley, which, as I have pointed out, is the best and almost the only safe landing for frail boats to be found in this part of the Island. As I have noted, the remains here do not seem to indicate long occupation; but I may read the signs incorrectly and the town may have been occupied for a long time.

What remains to be done on Isle Royale?

While I believe that our work this year was careful and exhaustive, I would like to see further excavations and particularly further surface work done upon the old townsite. I believe, too, there should be more systematic excavation upon the site of the old mines, particularly of the mine where we worked this year. But my brightest hope is that someone may yet discover another townsite, where, perhaps, there will be better opportunity for study, possibly because no

conquerors or others have swept over the ground and removed lost or broken relics.

In any event, it would seem to me that the field is so alluring that, whether I am able to follow up this work or must rest content with what I have accomplished, somebody should at least try to delve deeper into this dimly written chapter of ancient history.

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It remains for me to ask permission to say, by way of footnote, a word about the organization and personnel of my expedition.

In all, I spent in the 1923 expedition nearly fifteen hundred dollars. Of that sum about six hundred dollars was subscribed by friends in Franklin, Pennsylvania, who were interested in my work. At their request I refrain from recording their names but they have my warm gratitude and deserve the thanks of all who are interested in uncovering the ancient history of America.

My thanks, too, are due to the Northern Navigation Company, both for courtesies and for transportation assistance, and to the United States & Dominion Transportation Company which afforded me great aid, Mr. Hogsted, their Duluth representative, purchasing and forwarding much of my equipment for me.

There is none of the members of the expedition to whom I do not feel personally indebted for his work and his interest in the work. I want to record here my appreciation of Adjutant Lowry, who went with me from Franklin and who almost hourly relieved me of physical and mental care; of William H. Lively and Mrs. Lively, whose home in the wilderness was our headquarters; of William H. Uren, Jr., and William Dunstone, of the Michigan College of Mines at Houghton; of John Jacobson, strong son of Norway and for thirty years a fisherman-farmer on the Minnesota coast, and of Fred Jackson, a Minnesota boy giant whose strength was a perpetual surprise and wonder. Nor should I refrain from thanking the neighboring fishermen whose boats helped in landing our expedition. It would be injustice, too, to forget Mr. E. A. Tripp of Cloud River Bay, on the Canadian shore, who, in his little motor boat, brought the adjutant and myself well toward fifty miles through fog and storm.

## HONORABLE FRANK A. HOOKER

(An address delivered by James M. Powers before the Calhoun County Bar Association, March 3, 1924, upon the occasion of presentation of a portrait of Justice Hooker to that association).

**M**Y first introduction to Judge Hooker was the day he signed my certificate of admission to the bar, at the city of Charlotte, on the first day of the April term of the Circuit Court for Eaton County in the year 1878, which if my recollection serves me correctly was the first term of court which he held as circuit judge.

Judge Hooker was appointed to fill the vacancy in that office, caused by the resignation of Hon. Phillip T. Van Zile, who had resigned to accept appointment as United States District Attorney for Utah.

After finishing that term Judge Hooker was re-elected and continued to serve as judge of the Fifth Judicial Circuit, until his election to the position of justice of the Supreme Court, which office he assumed January first, 1893, and in which he continued until his death.

At the time of his appointment as judge of that circuit, the bar of Eaton County contained some of the ablest lawyers in the State, among whom none stood higher than Frank A. Hooker. I shall never forget the impression made upon my mind, that, to me, memorable first day of the April term in the year 1878, when I appeared before Judge Hooker and presented to him my diploma from the Law Department of the University of Michigan, and received from him a certificate authorizing me to practice as an attorney and counsellor at law and solicitor in chancery in the Supreme Court and the several circuit courts of this State.

On that day and occasion there were present, Judge Hooker, presiding with that quiet dignity which he maintained throughout his long judicial career, and the entire bar of Eaton County, consisting of such men as E. A. Foote, D. P. Sagendorph, Hon. George Huggett, Hon. Henry F. Penning-

ton, Robert W. Shriner, Parm S. De Graff, Hon. Jacob L. McPeck (father of the present circuit judge of the fifth judicial circuit), Martin V. Montgomery, Isaac M. Crane, I. H. Corbin, John M. Corbin, I. D. McCutcheon and Hon. Henry A. Shaw; all members of the Eaton County bar at that time.

Old father time "the tomb builder" has wrought wonderful changes since that date in the personnel of the bar of Eaton County. Looking back over the forty-six years which have passed since that event, I am admonished that not a single member of the bar of that county, practicing at that date is now living. They have all gone to the lawyer's reward, whatever and wherever that may be.

A few months later, Hon. J. M. C. Smith, Frank A. Dean, Horace S. Maynard and Garry C. Fox were admitted to that bar, and they also have all paid the last debt of nature.

It was with such men as these in his home county, and with other equally able lawyers in Barry and Calhoun counties, that Judge Hooker began his judicial career. I think Judge Hooker presided in the fifth judicial circuit about fifteen years, during which time that circuit was composed of Barry, Calhoun and Eaton counties. During the greater portion of that time, and more especially during the latter part, it was my fortune to have a somewhat extensive practice in his court in both Calhoun and Eaton counties and occasionally in Barry county. Judge Hooker exemplified my idea of what a circuit judge should be. The quiet dignity with which he presided was most pleasing to all who had business in his court. He was a student from habit, thoroughly versed in the principles of the law, and their application and construction by the appellate courts of this country and of England. He was accustomed to read the reports and decisions in current law publications, and by so doing kept fully abreast of the progress of the profession. His opinions and decisions both in the Supreme and Circuit Court, were pre-



pared after careful study and ample research, with rare tact and ability. His course on the bench and his conduct in private life were such as to command the respect and approval of the community, and of the profession of which he was an ardent member. In court and the transaction of court business he recognized no intimate friends, no favors or favorites; outside of court and in private life he was friendly and cordial with all, and loved and respected by all who knew him. In both public and private life he was tolerant, charitable, practical and conservative; loving that which was right because it was right, condemning wrong because it was wrong, and maintaining at all times an irreproachable and Christian character. In the trial and conduct of cases by attorneys of his court, he allowed no unnecessary delay, or "sparring for time," but did not allow necessity for haste to impair or restrict exact administration of justice. He excelled as a chancellor and in the disposition of equity cases where greater opportunity for deliberation and research is afforded than in the trial of jury causes.

His decisions as chancellor in a court of conscience were seldom reversed, and his decisions in law cases, when reviewed by the Supreme Court were far above the average. While presiding as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, he conducted the proceedings of that court with the same quiet, unassuming dignity which marked his career on the circuit.

His opinions as Justice of the Supreme Court, beginning in volume ninety-four and ending in volume one hundred and sixty-six of the Michigan Supreme Court Reports, form an interesting and important part of the jurisprudence of the State.

He had a wonderful legal mind which embraced a thorough knowledge, not only of the reported cases, but of the elements and principles upon which the science of law is based, as well. In speaking he was easy, graceful and dignified. His language

was incisive, but at all times tolerant, and respectful; his sentences complete and his conclusions logical.

He was generous, but his generosity was always tempered with and measured by justice. Of his public and private life it may well be said that, like the path of the just, it was "a shining light, which shineth more and more unto a perfect day."

"Peace to the just man's memory,  
It will grow greener in the lapse of time,  
And blossom through the flight of ages.  
Some precious things do perish  
Out of this life. The melodies trembling  
On the chords after the song is sung  
Sink slowly into silence everlasting.  
The light lingering in the clouds  
After the brightest day is done  
At last dies out in shadowy darkness;  
But the life attuned to justice and good deeds  
Goes on forever through their silent influence."

## BEN KING MEMORIAL

BY WALTER E. BANYON

BENTON HARBOR

**O**LD Saint Joe is known throughout the Middle West as being the city of chimes and sweet-toned bells, vine-clad hills, and incense breathing orchards, where in summer you can sit and watch the sails that rise and dip, and disappear out through the sun-set portals of the sky: but the thing that pleases Saint Joe most, the fame that she desires never to be forgotten, is that she raised Ben King who wrote, "The River Saint Joe," "If I Should Die Tonight," "De Massa," "De Clouds Am Gwine To Pass," "The Bung Town Canal," and all the other favorites of "Ben King's Verse."

Benjamin Franklin King, Jr., was born at St. Joseph, Michigan, March 17, 1857, and died at Bowling Green, Kentucky, April 7, 1894. He was married Nov. 27, 1883, to Aseneth Bellzora Latham, of St. Joseph, by Professor David Swing at his residence in Chicago. The wife and two sons, Bennett Latham King and Spencer P. King survive him.

John McGovern, one of Ben King's associates in the Chicago Press Club says, "So far as we know, this young man was the drollest mimic and the gentlest humorist of our region. He wrote "If I Should Die To-night,"—a parody that was accepted as the true original, the sun, the center of the great If-I-should-die-to-night system of thought and poetry.

Opie Read, with whom Ben King was traveling as a co-entertainer when he was found dead in his hotel room at Bowling Green, Kentucky, wrote that "when Ben King died, St. Joseph become more widely known in one day than hundreds of excursions and thousands of blossoming fruit trees had served to advertise her in the past. On that April morning, people living in the far East and the far West asked the question: Where is St. Joseph? Ben King was not only a man of music; he was a poet, a gentle satirist, and a humorist

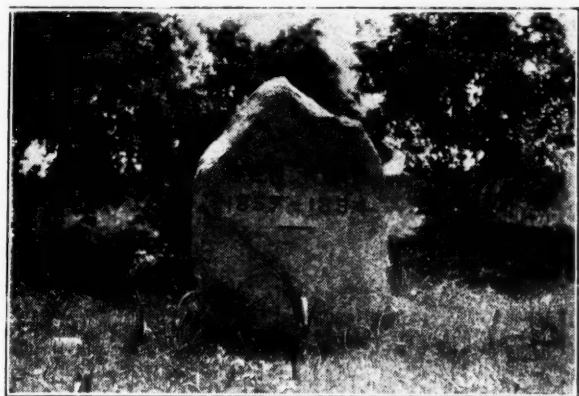
of the highest order. Every company was brightened by his coming, every man felt better for having heard his quaint remarks. There was about him a droll, charming irresponsibility,—a Thomas Hood from Michigan."

Ben King's father was one of the leading pioneer merchants of St. Joseph. He ran a general store and at one time was Postmaster, the son acting as clerk when press of business required his assistance. The engagements in the store and Post Office did not interrupt the boy's trips to the marsh, river and lake where he "Jes steeped his hide in the glory o' day," and gathered local color for his poetry. In school Ben King distinguished himself somewhat after the manner of Oliver Goldsmith, being rather an indifferent student, but seemingly always occupied as a weaver of dreams. When the family fortunes needed mending, he obtained a position in Chicago with a piano house, as salesman,—now and then contributing a poem to the magazines and newspapers. During the World's Fair, Brick Pomeroy, a humorist of national reputation, was wandering past the Michigan Building, when he was attracted by someone playing upon the piano and executing some of the strangest musical antics that Brick had ever listened to in his own picturesque and varied career. It was Ben King, playing "The Battle of Shiloh." Pomeroy had discovered a genius, and forthwith took Ben King to the Press Club, where he was an instant hit, and became one of the most charming and unique entertainers ever heard in Chicago. He wrote a poem called "De Massa," in the Negro dialect,—something after the hymn called "The Ninety and Nine,"—with the lost sheep as the "motive." The poem went the rounds of the press as an anonymous contribution, and was ascribed to several Southland versifiers.

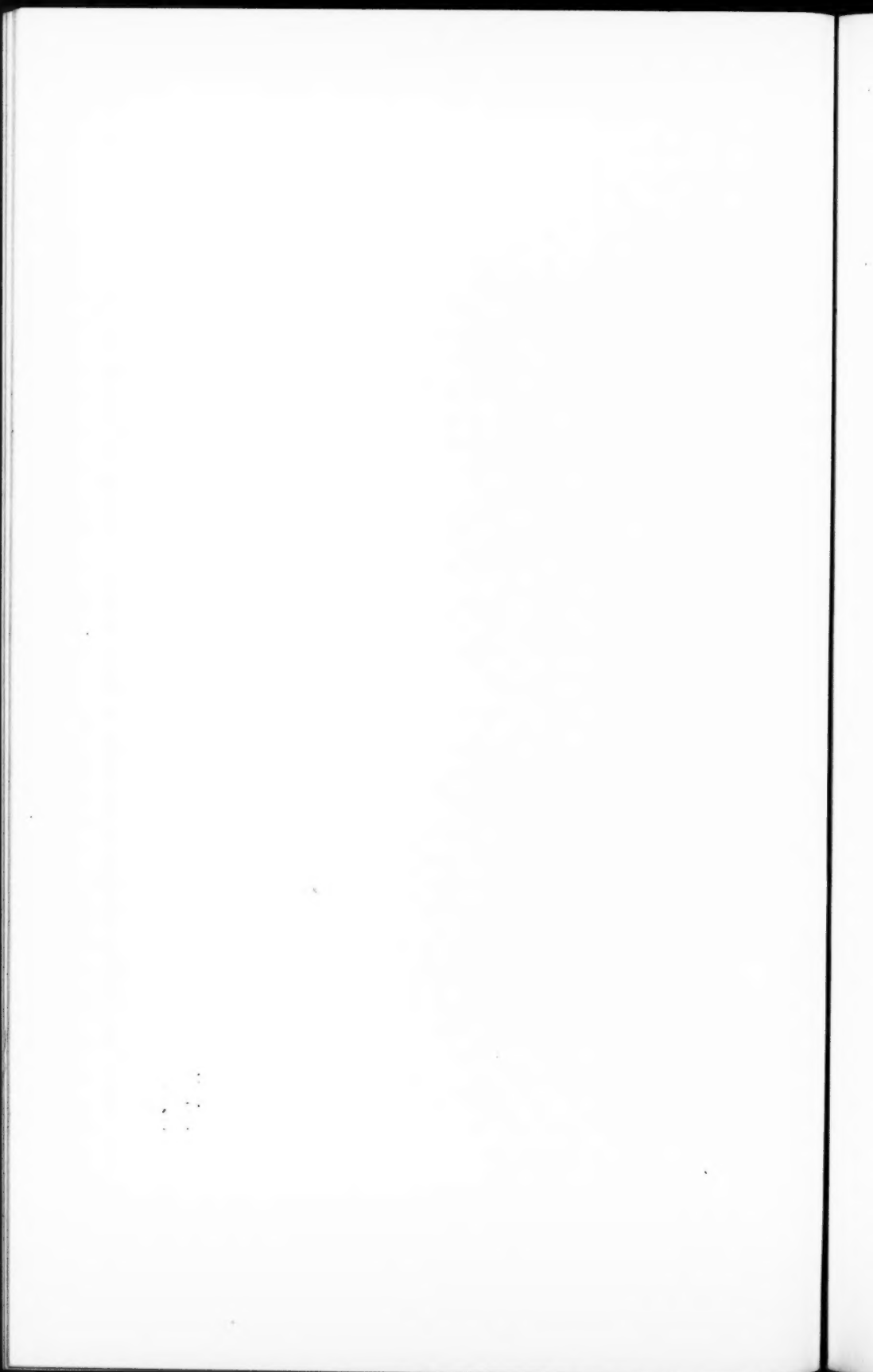
So true was "De Massa" to the Negro life, dialect and thought, that it was not believed possible that anyone but a Southerner could have written it. Ben King had really been associated with "darkies" most of his life,—his father having



Ben King memorial erected on Lake Bluff, St. Joseph, Mich.,  
1924. Bust by Crunelle. Gift of Henry W. Gustine.  
Pedestal gift of citizens of St. Joseph



Monument on Ben King's grave, St. Joseph, Mich.  
Erected by Ben King Memorial Association, 1910



maintained an establishment which included race horses and Negro servants. Saint Joseph was one of the favorite stopping places of Southern tourists and it was not uncommon to see a troupe of "darkies" following in the train of a rich Southern planter who was on his way to Mackinac. Ben King thus absorbed the Negro color and atmosphere without ever having been out of his native city.

When it was found that Ben King was the author of "De Massa," he was invited to tour the South with Opie Read,—giving readings of his own poems, and recitals upon the piano. Colonel William Lightfoot Visscher, in describing Ben King's reception at Bowling Green, Kentucky, says, "The audience went wild over Ben King. He played 'My Old Kentucky Home' with variations in a manner such as they had never heard before. They had heard it played by famous musicians upon the flute, violin, and piano, and sung by all the noted singers of their day, but Ben King put into it all the longing of the exiled darkies he had met in the North, and the songs of the mocking birds he had heard in Old Saint Joe,—the city of chimes and sweet-toned bells. They made the rafters ring with their applause, threw high their hats in air, and carried Ben King to the hotel upon their shoulders." It was a wonderful triumph for the bashful poet and minstrel, and he retired that night his brain dizzy with triumphant emotion. He was found dead in bed the next morning. It may have been, that as he lay in bed his brain afire with the fever of poetic achievement, something snapped—and he crossed into the undiscovered country. Ben King's mother says that he came to her that night in a dream and said, "Mother, I just went out after a thought, and went too far."

Ben King's remains were brought back to Chicago where impressive and beautiful funeral services were held at the Press Club—with songs by the sweet singers he had loved while on earth—and then he was taken to Old Saint Joe and

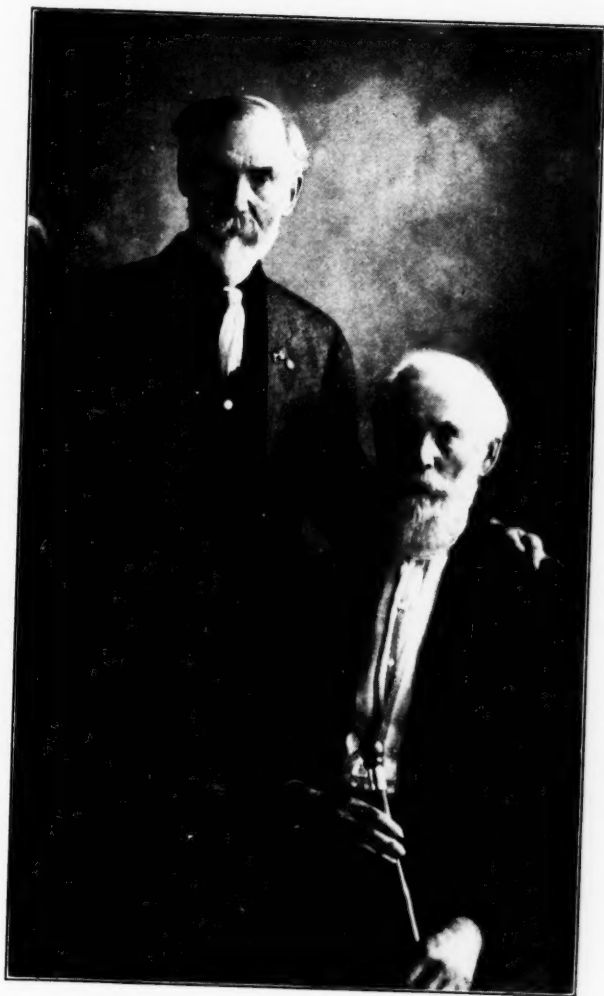
buried on the hill-side, in a beautiful cemetery adjacent to the wooded shores and bluffs of Lake Michigan.

The Press Club determined that Ben King's poems should be gathered and printed in a single volume as a memorial to his genius. Nixon Watterman compiled the material, and thus "Ben King's Verse" was given to the public. The first edition was a very limited one and was sold to Ben King's intimate friends at the Press Club, in St. Joseph, and in Benton Harbor. The book had the usual experience of failing to interest the public after the first edition, and it was not until a book publishing firm by the name of Forbes and Co., under the direction of W. Arthur Gray, began the publication of Ben King's Verse that it was a pronounced success. In the last quarter of a century there have been more copies of this book sold than of any other single volume of verse.

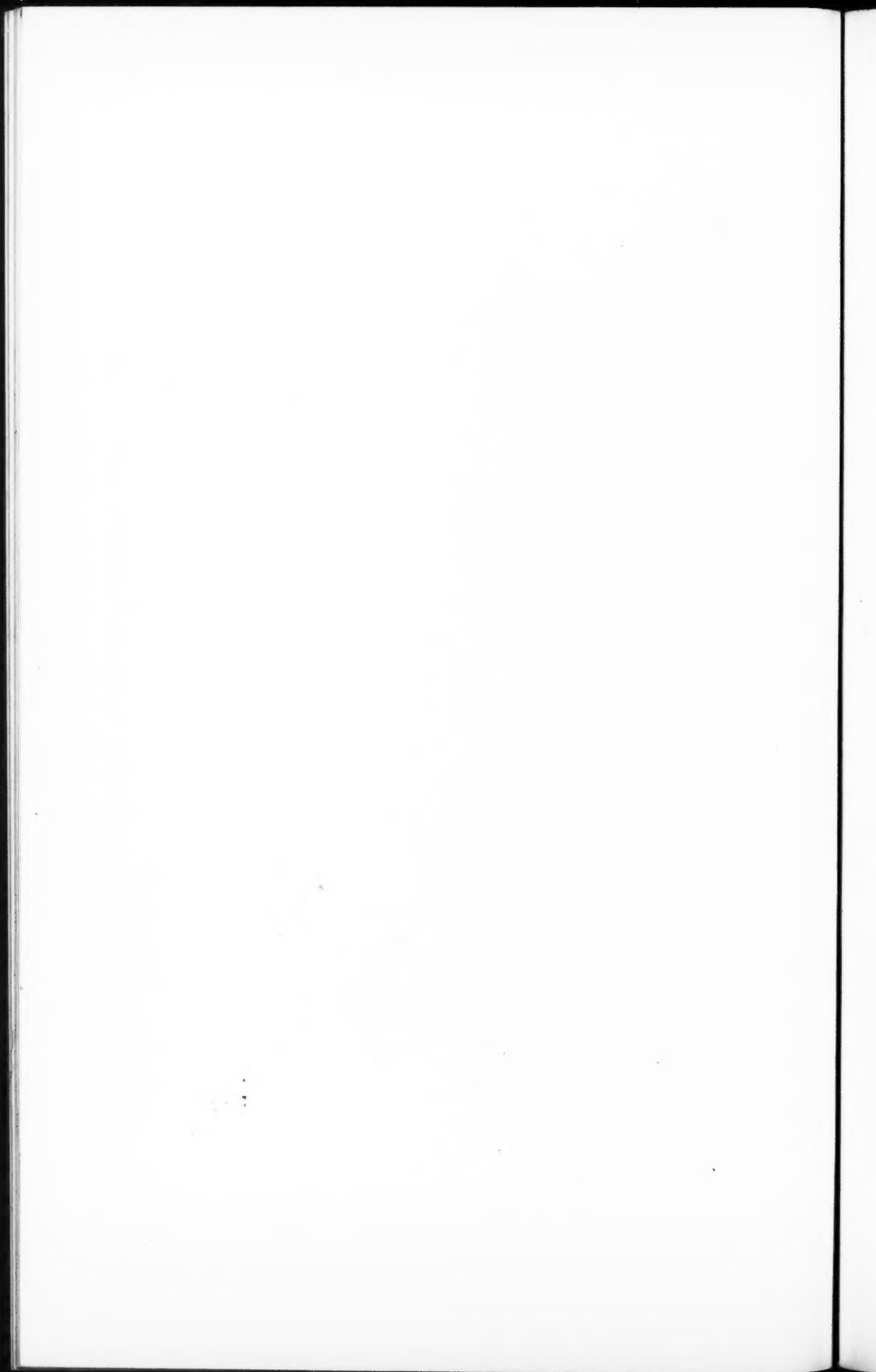
The Ben King Memorial Association was organized in Saint Joseph in 1908—the object being to erect a memorial to the poet on the Lake Bluff. The Chicago papers gave the movement a large amount of publicity—but only a nominal sum was raised for the monument. With the money raised, a large boulder from the banks of the Saint Joe River was erected over Ben King's grave. The organizers and directors of the Ben King Memorial Association were Nelson C. Rice, John Duncan, Mrs. W. D. Downey, Leonard Merchant and Walter E. Banyon. With the erection of the boulder over Ben King's grave, the organization ceased soliciting for funds for a monument on the Lake Bluff. But the objective of the organization was finally to be attained through the generosity of a single individual, who had long been imbued with the idea of an appropriate memorial to the poet whom he had known as a boy—whose successful career was in a measure due to the helpful advice he had given while the young man of genius was engaged in an indifferent struggle for success in Chicago.

Henry W. Gustine, a soldier of the Civil War, a former Postmaster at Saint Joseph, a book-lover and a scholar, determined





Henry W. Gustine (standing) and his brother



that Ben King should have a monument set in the Lake Bluff Park, and commissioned Leonard Crunelle, a sculptor from Chicago, to execute a bronze bust of heroic size of the poet. The bust is said to be one of the finest pieces of Crunelle's work, and is an exact likeness of Ben King. It sets on a fine granite pedestal on the Lake Bluff at the foot of Park Street, a very short distance from where Ben King was born and where he used to rest under the trees while he watched the gulls fly "round that old pier" and over the waves of Lake Michigan.

The business of erecting a memorial represents a considerable task, fraught with delays and disappointments—and the Ben King memorial from its inception followed the usual course of such movements. But the day of unveiling finally arrived—and every one from the contributors to the pedestal fund down to Henry W. Gustine, the principal donor, felt repaid for their efforts by the tribute of appreciation manifested by the lovers of Ben King when the beautiful memorial was unveiled, Monday, June 30, 1924.

The principal address on this occasion was made by the Hon. Barratt O'Hara of Chicago, a former Saint Joseph boy, and at one time Lieut. Governor of Illinois. The address was a beautiful tribute to the poet and the common folks among whom he lived.

Other speakers on the program at the unveiling were Henry W. Gustine, donor of the bust, Mayor L. A. King of Saint Joseph, Aseneth Belzora King, wife of the poet, and Ophelia Blair, a writer from Kentucky. After the unveiling exercises, a banquet was held at the Edgewater Club House, and a program of music and speeches laudatory of Ben King was listened to by a large audience of guests who had assembled for the unveiling exercises. The success of the unveiling and the banquet afterwards was in a large measure due to the efforts of Mr. Ray W. Davis, Secretary of the Saint Joseph Chamber of Commerce, whose father had preached the funeral sermon when Ben King was buried.

THE SCHOOLCRAFT COUNTY PIONEER HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY

BY MRS. NETTIE S. THORBORG  
MANISTIQUE

**K** NOW the county that you by choice have made your home, acquaint yourself intelligently with its traditions and history concerning the life of the early settlers, their struggles and heroic achievements, and you will love it, even if you were cradle-rocked on a foreign soil.

Of love for Schoolcraft County, where my parents were pioneers (using the common acceptance of the term: A pioneer is one who goes into a new, undeveloped country for the purpose of actually establishing a settlement, or carving out a home for himself or his descendants), the thought of a county pioneer historical organization was born.

My personal dream of a Schoolcraft County pioneer historical society dates back to the years 1912-15, while residing in the Golden State. The vision of such an organization apparently had its impetus from inspiration attained by the impressive attitude of interest displayed by the citizens of that State in behalf of historical matters. My personal regret of forfeited privilege to share in the labor of arousing historical interest in my home county, perhaps also furnished suitable material for the dream. The profound reverence by the Californians for objects of historic value was appealing to a stranger. There every historic site, trails, trees, relics, the old adobe missions and ancient cemeteries, some dating back to the sixteenth century, were properly protected, preserved, and honored. To the tourists these historic places had a wonderful attraction and enchantment. They also furnished a great financial asset to the localities wherein they

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Read at the joint meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society and the Pioneer Historical Society of Schoolcraft county, held at Manistique, July 24-25, 1924.

happen to be located. After attending the Pan-American Exposition in 1915, my partner in life, my best companion, boarded a cross-continental train, determined to go back to Michigan, and in our home county transplant the beautiful inspiration attained from the native sons and daughters of California. Reckoning that philosophy and dreams are but nature's pilots, figuratively the dreamer was piloted back home, and fortunately after many moons finally we found the practical doers.

Upon the return from California, I learned of the gratifying news that a State department of History and Archives had been established (1913). The fact that the State had taken on more interest in behalf of its own history, spurred my ambition on in "my contemplated labor of love." Immediately, I affiliated myself with the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, and in March 1920, was granted an active membership in the Society for life. In an earnest and zealous manner have I ever since labored for an independent county organization. My cherished dream has been to perfect a medium or agency, whose sole purpose will be embodied in the aim of protecting historical sites, recording the memories of yester-years, the romances, tragedies and tribulations, struggles and sacrifices made by the early settlers, which properly collected and compiled, will furnish splendid material for a proposed history of Schoolcraft County's early days.

The fundamental steps towards a county pioneer-historical organization were taken during the winter of 1921, when a printed questionnaire was mailed to pioneer citizens of Schoolcraft County, with the object of verifying the attitude of interest for an organization. It met with encouraging result. A large percentage of the questionnaires were returned, signifying personal interest and support in the proposed project. At the County Fair in 1922, a committee of interested men and women was selected and the dreamer continued acting as secretary for the committee of the proposed organization.

Due to united effort and a greater enthusiasm and interest for an organization, the project took on greater strides from that time, and the early days in Schoolcraft County became an every day topic.

In June 1923, spirited by the suggestion of Dr. G. N. Fuller of the Michigan Historical Commission, that Manistique had a chance to be favored with the 1924 Upper Peninsula Convention of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, the dreamer lost no time nor chance, but brushed up courage and went before the city council, and in behalf of the great recognition bestowed on our community by the State Society, the city council was petitioned to seriously consider extending an invitation to the State Society. Assuring the council that a local organization was about to be perfected and could be counted on to assume part of the responsibility of receiving and entertaining the visitors, the proposal of inviting the State Society was unanimously decided upon, and an invitation was forwarded by the City Clerk, and accepted by Dr. Fuller, and the consequence and result are very much in evidence today.

A meeting of interested pioneer citizens was held at the Court House prior to the date set for the organization, committees on arrangements were appointed and plans adopted for the organization meeting. On June 29, 1923 Dr. Chas. F. Johnson of Marquette arrived for the purpose of organizing a Pioneer Historical Society of Schoolcraft County, coming here in response to a request of Dr. Fuller of Lansing, and an invitation of the local committee. Dr. Johnson delivered a lecture on French Footprints in the Upper Peninsula, followed by the organization of a Pioneer Historical Society of Schoolcraft County, and election of officers. The meeting was of a strictly public nature, well advertised and attended by a fair audience at the High School Auditorium. Thus the Pioneer Historical Society of Schoolcraft County was born.

All through the development leading up to the organization,

the promoter enjoyed the best possible co-operation from Secretary Fuller of the State Society, to whom the organization owes a great deal for its existence, but to the practical doers goes the logical pride of parenthood of this promising, charming chip of the old block—a typical youngster of pioneer stock.

Births are as much of a necessity to projects as to human existence. The birth of all great personages, purposes and events have in all ages furnished some characteristic changes to the present conditions, and due to its greatness of purpose the Pioneer Historical Society of Schoolcraft County has and will in time of maturity prove no exception to the rule. The youthful organization has in its first year of existence created more interest for local history than any preceding year, and has especially awakened a sense of moral obligation in treasuring the "thrills" of the county's earlier years. Its booth at the County Fair in 1923 demonstrated that Schoolcraft County has a large and well preserved collection of pictures, many relics of interest, implements invented by sheer necessity in days of isolation from the outside markets. Relics and recollection of memories of days of yore have, due to an awakened interest, come into daylight as never before and much valuable material is awaiting the opportunity to be written down on a page of History.

The organization has a membership of over sixty members, and some money in the treasury. With a staff of officers, and members equally as interested in historic matters, great future possibility is therefore predicted and assured to the organization.

It has always been the sincere wish and intention of the early promoters of this organization that it be and remain an independent organization, applying the principle of that significant typical American character by which the promoters of this organization were inspired in their very first experience of difficulties. In days of difficulties, apply the good

old remedy,—courage, persistence, and determination,—tried and approved by the pioneers. Let us welcome difficulties,—they are all of them so many first-class opportunities that lead on to success and service to our fellow citizens.

In conclusion I will say to the infant organization: "Never be discouraged because worth-while movements get on so slowly in our lives; when the outlook is not good, try the up-look."

The following verses might serve as a token of my love and tribute to Schoolcraft County, my home county.

#### SCHOOLCRAFT COUNTY, MY COUNTY

My county is to me,  
More than eyes can see  
Or lips express;  
It is a place on earth  
Wherein there dwells no dearth  
Of the excelling worth  
All would possess.

My county is that spot  
Wherein an envied lot  
Is need of all;  
Where happenings are found,  
Where pleasure has its round,  
Where skill and taste abound,  
And peace rules all.

My county leads the van,  
In every worthy plan,  
For good of each;  
It advocates the right,  
Puts vice to instant flight,  
In virtue holds delight,  
Does wisdom teach.

My county forward goes,  
On paths inviting those  
Who like the best;  
Who will for long abide,  
Where highest civic pride  
Abounds on every side,  
And all are blest.



## HISTORICAL SKETCH OF GERMFASK TOWNSHIP

BY HON. D. F. MORRISON

GERMFASK

THE territory from which Germfask was formed was originally surveyed by Guy H. Carlton in 1849. The first settler in what is now Germfask Township was Ezekiel Ackley born February 22, 1844. He played the part of George Washington for the New Town and was its first supervisor. Mr. Ackley spent the first night on his homestead, the southeast quarter of section twelve 44-13, April 14, 1881. On April 23, he crossed Manistique Lake on the ice and brought a bushel of potatoes to plant, the first seed brought into the township.

The second settler came a few weeks later and settled on the northeast quarter of section twelve; this was John Grant, a good sturdy pioneer and the right kind of man for a new town, being the father of twenty-one children.

During the summer of 1881 came several more settlers, among them Dr. W. W. French, John Ackley, Matthew Edge, Hezekiah Knaggs, Oscar D. Shepard, Thaduis Mead, George Robinson and others. Most of the first settlers came from Canada, some had lived a short time in Lapeer County. The following year these settlers petitioned the Board of Supervisors to be organized into a new township and a new township was formed by act of the Board of Supervisors that year from territory taken from Manistique Township, being towns 41-42-43-44 and 45 north, range 13 west. From Seney Township on the north to Lake Michigan on the south, or what is now Germfask and Mueller Townships. Then came the question of a name for the new Township and this stands out among the historical curiosities of Schoolcraft County, for with the birth of the new town a new word was born. In the log cabin of Mr. Knaggs these first settlers met in August, 1882, and argued until late into the night, each with his own

idea for a name. The name Dearford and many others were cast aside, when finally Dr. W. W. French came to the rescue with a word formed from the surname initials of eight of the first settlers and these eight at least were satisfied. These were all settlers of 1881 and the names were arranged as follows:

Grant John  
Edge Matthew  
Robinson George  
Mead Thadius  
French Dr. W. W.  
Ackley Ezekiel  
Shepard Oscar  
Knaggs Hezikiah

There has been some dispute about some of the above names, but they are as I got them from men who were at this meeting.

The following spring of 1883, the first township election was held in Hezikiah Knaggs' house and the following township officers were elected: E. Ackley, Supervisor; John Moser, Clerk; Andrew McKerrow, Treasurer; H. Knaggs, Highway Commissioner.

The first school house was built of logs on the east side of section 11 in 1884. The first school teacher was Nellie Robinson, who afterwards married Angus McDougall. The first grain was thrashed in the town with the flail by leveling a spot of ground and pouring water on and freezing it. This made a smooth floor to thrash on. The first team of horses was owned by John Ackley.

During the first year, supplies were carried from McMillan to Manistique Lake, then brought by boat to a landing on Mud

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Read at the joint meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society and the Pioneer Historical Society of Schoolcraft county, held at Manistique, July 24-25, 1924.

Lake near the Grant Homestead, and many a sack of flour was packed from Seney. Two staples were plentiful, venison and fish.

The old indian trail from Munising to St. Ignace, *via* Portage crossed Germfask, and the first settlers often saw Indians traveling this route.

In June, 1882, a homesteader's wife and two children strayed from the trail while returning home from a neighbor's. They were lost for twenty-nine days and when found, on the banks of Stewart Lake, the mother and boy were dead; the little girl was very weak but lived.

Of the original eight that named the town, only two still live on the homesteads they took up; H. Knaggs, the present supervisor, and O. D. Shepard, who by the way married the daughter of Ezekial Ackley, and this was the first wedding in Germfask Township.

The Manistique Railway was built to Germfask in 1889. The village started in 1890. Germfask Post Office was established in 1891. Angus McDougall started the first store in 1890.

No sketch of Germfask would be complete without mention of some of the settlers who came a short time later and have done as much to make the town what it is as any of the original settlers of 1881. The names of Brain, Burns, Conley, Lynch, Stauffer, McEachern, Gray, McKerrow, Kennedy, Aldrich, Holmes and Stewart will always stand as the men who drove oxen through the mud to provide homes and food for their families, and in closing I must say these men could not have succeeded had it not been for the brave and untiring women that came and did their full share in building homes in a new country, but whatever the call has been upon the American Woman, she has not failed to meet it.

## IMPRESSIONS OF SAULT STE. MARIE, 1837

(From Mrs. Jameson's *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles*)

July 29th.

WHERE was I? Where did I leave off four days ago? O—at Mackinaw! that fairy island, which I shall never see again! and which I should have dearly liked to filch from the Americans, and carry home to you in my dressing-box, or, *perdie*, in my toothpick case—but, good lack! to see the ups and downs of this (new) world! I take up my tale a hundred miles from it—but before I tell you where I am now, I must take you over the ground, or rather over the water, in a proper and journal-like style.

I was sitting last Friday, at sultry noon-tide under the shadow of a schooner which had just anchored alongside the little pier—sketching and dreaming—when up came a messenger, breathless, to say that a boat was going off for Sault Ste. Marie, in which I could be accommodated with a passage. Now this was precisely what I had been wishing and waiting for, and yet I heard the information with an emotion of regret. I had become every day more attached to the society of Mrs. Schoolcraft—more interested about her; and the idea of parting, and parting suddenly, took me by surprise, and was anything but agreeable. On reaching the house I found all in movement, and learned to my inexpressible delight, that my friend would take the opportunity of paying a visit to her mother and family, and, with her children, was to accompany me on my voyage.

We had but one hour to prepare packages, provisions, everything—and in one hour all was ready.

This voyage of two days was to be made in a little Canadian bateau, rowed by five *voyageurs* from the Sault. The boat

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This paper concludes the series of which former numbers have appeared in the Magazine for January, April and July. For brief biographical sketch of the author, and note on the work from which this text is taken see the January number.—Editor.

might have carried fifteen persons, hardly more, and was rather clumsy in form. The two ends were appropriated to the rowers, baggage, and provisions; in the center there was a clear space, with a locker on each side, on which we sat or reclined, having stowed away in them our smaller and more valuable packages. This was the internal arrangement.

The distance to the Sault, or, as the Americans call it, the *Sou*, is not more than thirty miles over land, as the bird flies; but the whole region being one mass of tangled forest and swamp, infested with bears and mosquitoes, it is seldom crossed but in winter, and in snow shoes. The usual route by water is ninety-four miles.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, with a favourable breeze, we launched forth on the lake, and having rowed about a mile from the shore, the little square sail was hoisted, and away we went merrily over the blue waves.

For a detailed account of the *voyageurs*, or Canadian boatmen, their peculiar condition and mode of life, I refer you to Washington Irving's "Astoria;" what he describes them to *have been*, and what Henry represents them in his time, they are even now, in these regions of the upper lakes.\* But the

\*As I shall have much to say hereafter of this peculiar class of people, to save both reader and author time and trouble, the passage is here given.

"The voyageurs form a kind of confraternity in the Canadas, like the *arrieros* of carriers of Spain. The dress of these people is generally half civilized, half savage. They wear a capote or surcoat, made of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, cloth trousers or leathern leggings, moccasins of deer skin, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which are suspended the knife, tobacco pouch, and other articles. Their language is of the same piebald character, being a French patois embroidered with English and Italian words and phrases. They are generally of French descent, and inherit much of the gaiety and lightness of heart of their ancestors; they inherit, too, a fund of civility and complaisance, and instead of that hardness and grossness, which men in laborious life are apt to indulge towards each other, they are mutually obliging and accommodating, interchanging kind offices, yielding each other assistance and comfort in every emergency, and using the familiar appellations of *cousin* and *brother*, when there is in fact no relationship. No men are more submissive to their leaders and employers, more capable of enduring hardships, or more good-humoured under privations. Never are they so happy as when on long and rough expeditions, towing up rivers or coasting lakes. They are dexterous boatmen, vigorous and adroit with the oar or paddle, and will row from morning till night without a murmur. The steersman often sings an old French song, with some regular burthen, in which they all join, keeping time with their oars. If at any time they flag in spirits or relax in exertion, it is but necessary to strike up a song of this kind to put them all in fresh spirits and activity."—*Astoria*, vol. 1, chap. 4.

voyageurs in our boat were not favourable specimens of their very amusing and peculiar class. They were fatigued with rowing for three days previous, and had only two helpless women to deal with. As soon, therefore, as the sail was hoisted, two began to play cards on the top of a keg, the other two went to sleep. The youngest and most intelligent of the set, a lively, half-breed boy of eighteen, took the helm. He told us with great self-complacency that he was *captain*, and that it was already the third time that he had been elected by his comrades to this dignity—but I cannot say he had a very obedient crew.

About seven o'clock we landed to cook our supper on an island which is commemorated by Henry as the Isle des Outardes, and is now Goose Island. Mrs. Schoolcraft undertook the general management with all the alertness of one accustomed to these impromptu arrangements, and I did my best in my new avocation—dragged one or two blasted boughs to the fire—the least of them twice as big as myself—and laid the cloth upon the pebbly beach. The enormous fire was to keep off the mosquitoes, in which we succeeded pretty well, swallowing, however, as much smoke as would have dried us externally into hams or red herrings. We then returned to the boat, spread a bed for the children, (who were my delight,) in the bottom of it, with mats and blankets, and disposed our own, on the lockers on each side with buffalo skins, blankets, shawls, cloaks, and whatever was available, with my writing-case for a pillow.

After sunset the breeze fell: the men were urged to row, but pleaded fatigue, and that they were hired for the day, and not for the night, (which is the custom.) One by one they sulkily abandoned their oars, and sunk to sleep under their blankets, all but our young captain; like Ulysses, when steering away from Calypso—

Placed at the helm he sat, and watched the skies,  
Nor closed in sleep his ever-watchful eyes.

He kept himself awake by singing hymns, in which Mrs. Schoolcraft joined him. I lay still, looking at the stars and listening: When there was a pause in the singing, we kept up the conversation, fearing lest sleep should overcome our only pilot and guardian. Thus we floated on beneath that divine canopy—"which love had spread to curtain the sleeping world:" it was a most lovely and blessed night, bright and calm and warm, and we made some little way, for both wind and current were in our favour.

As we were coasting a little shadowy island, our captain mentioned a strange circumstance, very illustrative of Indian life and character. A short time ago a young Chippewa hunter, whom he knew, was shooting squirrels on this spot, when by some chance a large blighted pine fell upon him, knocking him down and crushing his leg, which was fractured in two places. He could not rise, he could not remove the tree which was laying across his broken leg. He was in a little uninhabited island, without the slightest probability of passing aid, and to lie there and starve to death in agonies, seemed all that was left to him. In this dilemma, with all the fortitude and promptitude of resource of a thoroughbred Indian, he took out his knife, cut off his own leg, bound it up, dragged himself along the ground to his hunting canoe, and paddled himself home to his wigwam on a distant island, where the cure of his wound was completed. The man is still alive.

Perhaps this story appears to you incredible. I believe it firmly; at the time, and since then, I heard other instances of Indian fortitude, and of their courage and skill in performing some of the boldest and most critical operations in surgery, which I really cannot venture to set down. *You* would believe them if I could swear that I had witnessed them with "my own two good-looking eyes," not otherwise. But I will mention one or two of the least marvelous of these stories. There was a young chief and famous hunter, whose arm was



shattered by the bursting of his rifle. No one would venture the amputation, and it was bound up with certain herbs and dressings, accompanied with many magical ceremonies. The young man, who seemed aware of the inefficiency of such expedients, waited till the moment when he should be left alone. He had meantime, with pain and difficulty, hacked one of his knives into a saw; with this he completed the amputation of his own arm; and when his relations appeared, they found the arm lying at one end of the wigwam, and the patient sitting at the other, with his wound bound up, and smoking with great tranquillity.

Mrs. Schoolcraft told me of a young Chippewa who went on a hunting expedition with his wife only; they were encamped at a considerable distance from the village, when the young woman was seized with the pains of childbirth. This is in general a very easy matter among the Indian women, cases of danger or death being exceedingly rare; but on this occasion some unusual and horrible difficulty occurred. The husband, who was described to me as an affectionate, gentle spirited man, much attached to his wife, did his best to assist her; but after a few struggles she became insensible, and lay as he supposed, dead. He took out his knife, and with astonishing presence of mind, performed on his wife the Cesarean operation, saving his infant, and ultimately the mother, and brought them both home on a sleigh to his village at the Sault, where, as Mrs. Schoolcraft told me, she had frequently seen both the man and woman.

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We remained in conversation till long after midnight; then the boat was moored to a tree, but kept off shore, for fear of the mosquitoes, and we addressed ourselves to sleep. I remember lying awake for some minutes, looking up at the quiet stars, and around upon the dark weltering waters, and at the faint waning moon, just suspended on the very edge of the



horizon. I saw it sink—sink into the bosom of the lake, as if to rest, and then with a thought of far off friends, and a most fervent thanksgiving, I dropped asleep. It is odd that I did not think of praying for protection, and that no sense of fear came over me; it seemed as if the eye of God himself looked down upon me; and I *was* protected. I do not say I *thought* this any more than the unweaned child in its cradle; but I had some such feeling of unconscious trust and love, now I recall those moments.

I slept, however, uneasily, not being yet accustomed to a board and a blanket; *ca viendra avec le temps*. About dawn I awoke in a sort of stupor, but after bathing my face and hands over the boat side, I felt refreshed. The voyageurs, after a good night's rest, were in better humour, and took manfully to their oars. Soon after sunrise, we passed round that very conspicuous cape, famous in the history of north-west adventures, called the "Grand Détour," half-way between Mackinaw and the Sault. Now, if you look at the map, you will see that our course was henceforth quite altered; we had been running down the coast of the main land towards the east; we had now to turn short round the point, and steer almost due west; hence its most fitting name, the Grand Détour. The wind, hitherto favourable, was now dead against us. This part of Lake Huron is studded with little islands, which, as well as the neighboring main land, are all uninhabited, yet clothed with the richest, loveliest, most fantastic vegetation, and no doubt swarming with animal life.

I cannot, I dare not, attempt to describe to you the strange sensation one has, thus thrown for a time beyond the bounds of civilized humanity, or indeed any humanity; nor the wild yet solemn reveries which come over one in the midst of this wilderness of woods and waters. All was so solitary, so grand in its solitude, as if nature unviolated sufficed to herself. Two days and nights the solitude was unbroken; not a trace of social life, not a human being, not a canoe, not even a deserted

wigwam, met our view. Our little boat held on its way over the placid lake and among green tufted islands; and we its inmates, two women, differing in clime, nation, complexion, strangers to each other but a few days ago, might have fancied ourselves alone in a new-born world.

We landed to boil our kettle, and breakfast on a point of the island of St. Joseph's. This most beautiful island is between thirty and forty miles in length, and nearly a hundred miles in circumference, and towards the centre the land is high and picturesque. They tell me that on the other side of the island there is a settlement of whites and Indians. Another large island, Drummond's Isle, was for a short time in view. We had also a settlement here, but it was unaccountably surrendered to the Americans. If now you look at the map you will wonder, as I did, that in retaining St. Joseph's and the Manitoolin islands, we gave up Drummond's island. Both these islands had forts and garrisons during the war.

By the time breakfast was over, the children had gathered some fine strawberries; the heat had now become almost intolerable, and unluckily we had no awning. The men rowed languidly, and we made but little way; we coasted along the south shore of St. Joseph's, through fields of rushes, miles in extent, across Lake George, and Muddy Lake; (the name, I thought, must be a libel, for it was as clear as a crystal and as blue as heaven; but they say that, like a sulky temper, the least ruffle of wind turns it as black as ditchwater, and it does not subside again in a hurry,) and then came a succession of openings spotted with lovely islands, all solitary. The sky was without a cloud, a speck—except when the great fish-eagle was descried sailing over its blue depths—the water without a wave. We were too hot and too languid to converse. Nothing disturbed the deep noon-tide stillness, but the dip of the oars, or the spring and splash of a sturgeon as he leapt from the surface of the lake, leaving a circle of little wavelets spreading around. All the islands we passed were so woody,

and so infested with mosquitoes, that we could not land and light our fire, till we reached the entrance of St. Mary's River, between Nebish island and the main land.

Here was a well-known spot, a sort of little opening on a flat shore, called the *Encampment*, because a party of boatmen coming down from Lake Superior, and camping here for the night, were surprised by the frost, and obliged to remain the whole winter till the opening of the ice in the spring. After rowing all this hot day till seven o'clock against the wind, (what there was of it,) and against the current coming rapidly and strongly down from Lake Superior, we did at length reach this promised harbour of rest and refreshment. Alas! there was neither for us; the moment our boat touched shore, we were enveloped in a cloud of mosquitoes. Fires were lighted instantly, six were burning in a circle at once; we were well nigh suffocated and smoke-dried—all in vain. At last we left the voyageurs to boil the kettle, and retreated to our boat, desiring them to make us fast to a tree by a long rope; then, each of us taking an oar—I only wish you could have seen us—we pushed off from the land, while the children were sweeping away the enemy with green boughs. This being done, we commenced supper, really half famished, and were too much engrossed to look about us. Suddenly we were again surrounded by our adversaries; they came upon us in swarms, in clouds, in myriads, entering our eyes, our noses, our mouths, stinging till the blood followed. We had, un-awares, and while absorbed in our culinary operations, drifted into the shore, got entangled among the roots of trees, and were with difficulty extricated, presenting all the time a fair mark with a rich banquet for our detested tormentors. The dear children cried with agony and impatience, and but for shame I could almost have cried too.

I had suffered from these plagues in Italy; you too, by this time, may probably know what they are in the southern countries of the old world; but 'tis a jest, believe me, to en-

countering a forest full of them in these wild regions. I had heard much, and much was I forewarned, but never could have conceived the torture they can inflict, nor the impossibility of escape, defence, or endurance. Some amiable person, who took an especial interest in our future welfare, in enumerating the torments prepared for hardened sinners, assures us they will be stung by mosquitoes all made of brass, and as large as black beetles—he was an ignoramus and a bungler; you may credit me, that the brass is quite an unnecessary improvement, and the increase of size equally superfluous. Mosquitoes, as they exist in this upper world, are as pretty and perfect a plague as the most ingenious amateur sinner-tormentor ever devised. Observe, that a mosquito does not sting like a wasp, or a gad-fly; he has a long proboscis like an awl, with which he bores your veins, and pumps the life-blood out of you, leaving venom and fever behind. Enough of mosquitoes—I will never again do more than allude to them; only they are enough to make Philosophy go hang herself, and Patience swear like a Turk or a trooper.

Well, we left this most detestable and inhospitable shore as soon as possible, but the enemy followed us and we did not soon get rid of them; night came on, and we were still twenty miles below the Sault.

I offered an extra gratuity to the men, if they would keep to their oars without interruption; and then, fairly exhausted, lay down on my locker and blanket. But whenever I woke from uneasy, restless slumbers, *there* was Mrs. Schoolcraft, bending over her sleeping children, and waving off the mosquitoes, singing all the time a low, melancholy Indian song; while the northern lights were streaming and dancing in the sky, and the fitful moaning of the wind, the gathering clouds, and chilly atmosphere, foretold a change of weather. This would have been the *comble de malheur*. When daylight came, we passed Sugar Island, where immense quantities of maple sugar are made every spring, and just as the rain began

to fall in earnest, we arrived at the Sault Ste. Marie. On one side of the river, Mrs. Schoolcraft was welcomed by her mother; and on the other, my friends, the MacMurrays, received me with delighted and delightful hospitality. I went to bed—oh! the luxury!—and slept for six hours.

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Enough of solemn reveries on star-lit lakes, enough—too much—of self and self communings; I turn over a new leaf, and this shall be a chapter of geography, and topography, natural philosophy, and such wise-like things. Draw the curtain first, for if I look out any longer on those surging rapids, I shall certainly turn giddy—forget all the memoranda I have been collecting for you, lose my recking, and become unintelligible to you and myself too.

This river of St. Mary, is, like the Detroit and the St. Clair, already described, properly a strait, the channel of communication between Lake Superior and Lake Huron. About ten miles higher up, the great Ocean-Lake narrows to a point; then, forcing a channel through the high lands, comes rushing along till it meets with a downward ledge, or cliff, over which it throws itself in foam and fury, tearing a path for its billows through the rocks. The descent is about twenty-seven feet in three quarters of a mile, but the rush begins above, and the tumult continues below the fall, so that, on the whole, the eye embraces an expanse of white foam measuring about a mile each way, the effect being exactly that of the ocean breaking on a rocky shore: not so terrific, nor on so large a scale, as the rapids of Niagara, but quite as beautiful—quite as animated.

What the French call a *saut*, (leap,) we term a *fall*; the Sault Ste. Marie is translated into the falls of St. Mary. By this name the rapids are often mentioned, but the village on their shore still retains its old name, and is called the Sault.

I do not know why the beautiful river and its glorious cataraacts should have been placed under the peculiar patronage of the blessed Virgin; perhaps from the union of exceeding loveliness with irresistible power; or, more probably, because the first adventurers reached the spot on some day hallowed in the calendar.

The French, ever active and enterprising, were the first who penetrated to this wild region. They had an important trading post here early in the last century, and also a small fort. They were ceded, with the rest of the country, to Great Britain, in 1762.\* I wonder whether, at that time, the young king or any of his ministers had the least conception of the value and immensity of the magnificent country thrown into our possession, or gave a thought to the responsibilities it brought with it!—to be sure they made good haste, both king and ministers, to get rid of most of the responsibility. The American war began, and at its conclusion the south shore of St. Mary's and the fort, were surrendered to the Americans.

The rapids of Niagara, as I once told you, reminded me of a monstrous tiger at play, and threw me into a sort of ecstatic terror; but these rapids of St. Mary suggest quite another idea; as they come fretting and fuming down, curling up their light foam, and wreathing their glancing billows round the opposing rocks, with a sort of passionate self-will, they remind me of an exquisitely beautiful woman in a fit of rage, or of Walter Scott's simile—"one of the Graces possessed by a fury;"—there is no terror in their anger, only the sense of excitement and loveliness; when it has spent this sudden, transient fit of impatience, the beautiful river resumes all its placid dignity, and holds on its course, deep and wide enough to float a squadron of seventy-fours, and rapid and pellucid as a mountain trout-stream.

Here, as everywhere else, I am struck by the difference

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\*The first British commandant of the fort was that miserable Lieutenant Jemette, who was scalped at the massacre at Michilimackinac.

between the two shores. On the American side there is a settlement of whites; as well as a large village of Chippewas; there is also a mission (I believe of the Methodists) for the conversion of the Indians. The fort, which has been lately strengthened, is merely a strong and high enclosure, surrounded with pickets of cedar wood; within the stockade are the barracks, and the principal trading store. This fortress is called Fort Brady, after that gallant officer whom I have already mentioned to you. The garrison may be very effective for aught I know, but I never beheld such an unmilitary looking set. When I was there today, the sentinels were lounging up and down in their flannel jackets and shirt sleeves, with muskets thrown over their shoulders—just for all the world like ploughboys going to shoot sparrows; however, they are in keeping with the fortress of cedar-posts, and no doubt both answer their purpose very well. The village is increasing into a town, and the commercial advantages of its situation must raise it ere long to a place of importance.

On the Canada side, we have not even these demonstrations of power or prosperity. Nearly opposite to the American fort there is a small factory belonging to the North-West Fur Company; below this, a few miserable log-huts, occupied by some French Canadians and voyageurs in the service of the company, a set of lawless *mauvais sujets*, from all I can learn. Lower down stands the house of Mr. and Mrs. Mac-Murray, with the Chippewa village under their care and tuition, but most of the wigwams and their inhabitants are now on their way down the lake, to join the congress at the Manitoolin Islands. A lofty eminence, partly cleared and partly clothed with forest, rises behind the house, on which stand the little missionary church and school-house for the use of the Indian converts. From the summit of this hill you look over the traverse into Lake Superior, and the two giant capes which guard its entrance. One of these capes is called Gros-Cap, from its bold and lofty cliffs, the yet un-



violated haunt of the eagle. The opposite cape is more accessible, and bears an Indian name, which I cannot pretend to spell, but which signifies "the place of the Iroquois' bones;" it was the scene of a wild and terrific tradition. At the time that the Iroquois (or Six Nations) were driven before the French and Hurons up to the western lakes, they endeavoured to possess themselves of the hunting ground of the Chippewas, and hence a bitter and lasting feud between the two nations. The Iroquois, after defeating the Chippewas, encamped, a thousand strong, upon this point, where thinking themselves secure, they made a war-feast to torture and devour their prisoners. The Chippewas from the opposite shore beheld the sufferings and humiliation of their friends, and, roused to sudden fury by the sight, collected their warriors, only three hundred in all, crossed the channel, and at break of day fell upon the Iroquois, now sleeping after their horrible excesses, and massacred every one of them, men, women, and children. Of their own party they lost but one warrior, who was stabbed with an awl by an old woman who was sitting at the entrance of her wigwam, stitching moccasins: thus runs the tale. The bodies were left to bleach on the shore, and they say that bones and skulls are still found there.

Here, at the foot of the rapids, the celebrated white-fish of the lakes is caught in its highest perfection. The people down below,\* who boast of the excellence of the white-fish, really know nothing of the matter. There is no more comparison between the white-fish of the lower lakes and the white-fish of St. Mary's, than between plaice and turbot, or between a clam and a Sandwich oyster. I ought to be a judge, who have eaten them fresh out of the river four times a day, and I declare to you that I never tasted anything of the fish kind half so exquisite. If the Roman Apicius had lived in these latter days, he would certainly have made a voyage up Lake Huron to breakfast on the white-fish of St.

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\*That is, in the neighbourhood of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie.



Mary's river, and would *not* have returned in dudgeon, as he did, from the coast of Africa. But the epicures of our degenerate times have nothing of that gastronomical enthusiasm which inspired their ancient models, else we should have them all coming here to eat white-fish at the Sault, and scorning cockney white-bait. Henry declares that the flavour of white-fish is "beyond any comparison whatever," and I add my testimony thereto—*probatum est!*

I have eaten tunny in the gulf of Genoa, anchovies fresh out of the bay of Naples, and trout of the Salz-kammergaut, and divers other fishy dainties rich and rare,—but the exquisite, the refined white-fish, exceeds them all; concerning those cannibal fish (mulletts were they, or lampreys?) which Lucullus fed in his fish-ponds, I cannot speak, never having tasted them; but even if *they* could be resuscitated, I would not degrade the refined, the delicate whitefish by a comparison with any such barbarian luxury.

But seriously, and *badinage* apart, it is really the most luxurious delicacy that swims the waters. It is said by Henry that people never tire of them. Mr. MacMurray tells me that he has eaten them every day of his life for seven years, and that his relish for them is undiminished. The enormous quantities caught here, and in the bays and creeks round Lake Superior, remind me of herrings in the lochs of Scotland; besides subsisting the inhabitants, whites and Indians, during great part of the year, vast quantities are cured and barrelled every fall, and sent down to the eastern states. Not less than eight thousand barrels were shipped last year.

These enterprising Yankees have seized upon another profitable speculation here: there is a fish found in great quantities in the upper part of Lake Superior, called the *skevat*,\* so exceedingly rich, luscious, and oily when fresh, as to be quite uneatable. A gentleman here told me that he had tried it, and though not very squeamish at any time, and then very

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\*I spell the word as pronounced, never having seen it written.

hungry, he could not get beyond the first two or three mouthfuls; but it has been lately discovered that this fish makes a most luxurious pickle. It is very excellent, but so rich even in this state, that like the tunny *marinee*, it is necessary either to taste abstemiously, or die heroically of indigestion. This fish is becoming a fashionable luxury, and in one of the stores here I saw three hundred barrels ready for embarkation. The Americans have several schooners on the lakes employed in these fisheries: we have not one. They have besides planned a ship canal through the portage here, which will open a communication for large vessels between Lake Huron and Lake Superior, as our Welland Canal has united Lake Erie with Lake Ontario. The ground has already been surveyed for this purpose. When this canal is completed, a vessel may load in the Thames and discharge her burthen at the upper end of Lake Superior. I hope you have a map before you, that you may take in at a glance this wonderful extent of inland navigation. Ought a country possessing it, and all the means of life besides, to remain poor, oppressed, uncultivated, unknown?

But to return to my beautiful river and glorious rapids, which are to be treated, you see, as a man treats a passionate beauty—he does not oppose her, for that was madness—but he gets *round her*. Well, on the American side, further down the river, is the house of Tanner, the Indian interpreter, of whose story you may have heard—for, as I remember, it excited some attention in England. He is a European of unmixed blood, with the language, manners, habits of a Red-skin. He had been kidnapped somewhere on the American frontiers when a mere boy, and brought up among the Chippewas. He afterwards returned to civilized life, and having relearned his own language, drew up a very entertaining and valuable account of his adopted tribe. He is now in the American service here, having an Indian wife, and is still attached to his Indian mode of life.

Just above the fort is the ancient burial-place of the Chippewas. I need not tell you of the profound veneration with which all the Indian tribes regard the places of their dead. In all their treaties for the cession of their lands, they stipulate with the white man for the inviolability of their sepulchres. They did the same with regard to this place, but I am sorry to say that it has not been attended to, for in enlarging one side of the fort, they have considerably encroached on the cemetery. The outrage excited both the sorrow and indignation of some of my friends here, but there is no redress. Perhaps it was this circumstance that gave rise to the allusion of the Indian chief here, when in speaking of the French he said, "*They* never molested the places of our dead!"

The view of the rapids from this spot is inexpressibly beautiful, and it has besides another attraction, which makes it to me a frequent lounge whenever I cross the river;—but of this by-and-bye. To complete my sketch of the localities, I will only add, that the whole country around is in its primitive stage, covered with the interminable swamp and forest, where the bear and the moose-deer roam—and lakes and living streams where the beaver builds his hut\*. The cariboo, or rein-deer, is still found on the northern shores.

The hunting grounds of the Chippewas are in the immediate neighbourhood, and extend all round Lake Superior. Beyond these, on the north, are the Chippewyans; and on the south, the Sioux, Ottagamies, and Pottowattomies.

I might here multiply facts and details, but I have been obliged to throw these particulars together in haste, just to give you an idea of my present situation. Time presses, and my sojourn in this remote and interesting spot is like to be of short duration.

\*The beaver is, however, becoming rare in these regions. It is a curious fact connected with the physiology and psychology of instinct, that the beaver is found to change its instincts and modes of life, as it has been more and more persecuted, and, instead of being a gregarious, it is now a solitary animal. The beavers, which are found living in solitary holes instead of communities and villages, the Indians call by a name which signifies *Old Bachelor*.

One of the gratifications I had anticipated in coming hither—my strongest inducement perhaps—was an introduction to the mother of my two friends, of whom her children so delighted to speak, and of whom I had heard much from other sources. A woman of pure Indian blood, of a race celebrated in these regions as warriors and chiefs from generation to generation, who had never resided within the pale of what we call civilized life, whose habits and manners were those of a genuine Indian squaw, and whose talents and domestic virtues commanded the highest respect, was, as you may suppose, an object of the deepest interest to me. I observed that not only her own children, but her two sons-in-law, Mr. Mac-Murray and Mr. Schoolcraft, both educated in good society, the one a clergyman and the other a man of science and literature, looked up to this remarkable woman with sentiments of affection and veneration.

As soon, then, as I was a little refreshed after my two nights on the lake, and my battles with the mosquitoes, we paddled over the river to dine with Mrs. Johnston: she resides in a large log-house close upon the shore; there is a little portico in front with seats, and the interior is most comfortable. The old lady herself is rather large in person, with the strongest marked Indian features, a countenance, open, benevolent, and intelligent, and a manner perfectly easy—simple, yet with something of motherly dignity, becoming the head of her large family. She received me most affectionately, and we entered into conversation—Mrs. Schoolcraft, who looked all animation and happiness, acting as interpreter. Mrs. Johnston speaks no English, but can understand it a little, and the Canadian French still better; but in her own language she is eloquent, and her voice, like that of her people, low and musical; many kind words were exchanged, and when I said anything that pleased her, she laughed softly like a child.—I was not well, and much fevered, and I remember she took me in her arms, laid me down on a couch, and

began to rub my feet, soothing and caressing me. Neegal, mother, (though how different from my own fair mother, I thought, as I looked up gratefully in her dark Indian face!) She set before us the best dressed and best served dinner I had seen since I left Toronto, and presided at her table, and did the honours of her house with unembarrassed, unaffected propriety. My attempts to speak Indian, caused, of course, considerable amusement; if I do not make progress, it will not be for want of teaching and teachers.

After dinner we took a walk to visit Mrs. Johnston's brother, Wayish,ky, whose wigwam is at a little distance, on the verge of the burial-ground. The lodge is of the genuine Chippewa form, like an egg cut in half length-ways. It is formed of poles stuck in the ground, and bent over a top, strengthened with a few wattles and boards; the whole is covered over with mats, birch-bark, and skins; a large blanket formed the door or curtain, which was not ungracefully looped aside. Wayish,ky, being a great man, has also a smaller lodge hard by, which serves as a storehouse and kitchen.

Rude as was the exterior of Wayish,ky's hut, the interior presented every appearance of comfort, and even *elegance*, according to the Indian notions of both. It formed a good-sized room: a raised couch ran all around like a Turkish divan, serving both for seats and beds, and covered with very soft and beautiful matting of various colours and patterns. The chests and baskets of birch-bark, containing the family wardrobe and property; the rifles, the hunting and fishing tackle, were stowed away all round very tidily; I observed a coffee-mill nailed up to one of the posts or stakes; the floor was trodden down hard and perfectly clean, and there was a place for a fire in the middle: there was no window, but quite sufficient light and air were admitted through the door, and through an aperture in the roof. There was no disagreeable smell, and everything looked neat and clean. We found Wayish,ky and his wife and three of their children seated

in the lodge, and as it was Sunday, and they are all Christians, no work was going forward. They received me with genuine and simple politeness, each taking my hand with a gentle inclination of the head, and some words of welcome murmured in their own soft language. We then sat down.

The conversation became very lively; and if I might judge from looks and tones, very affectionate. I *sported* my last new words and phrased with great effect, and when I had exhausted my vocabulary—which was very soon—I amused myself with looking and listening.

Mrs. Wayish,ky (I forget her proper name) must have been a very beautiful woman. Though now no longer young, and the mother of twelve children, she is one of the handsomest Indian women I have yet seen. The number of her children is remarkable, for in general there are few large families among the Indians. Her daughter Zah,gah,see,ga,quay, (*the sunbeams breaking through a cloud*,) is a very beautiful girl, with eyes that are a warrant for her poetical name—she is about sixteen. Wayish,ky himself is a grave, dignified man about fifty. He told me that his eldest son had gone down to the Manitoolin Island to represent his family, and receive his quota of presents. His youngest son he had sent to a college in the United States, to be educated in the learning of the white men. Mrs. Schoolcraft whispered me that this poor boy is dying of consumption, owing to the confinement and change of living, and that the parents knew it. Wayish,ky seemed aware that we were alluding to his son, for his eye at that moment rested on me, and such an expression of keen pain came suddenly over his fine countenance, it was as if a knife had struck him, and I really felt it in my heart, and see it still before me—that look of misery.

After about an hour we left this good and interesting family. I lingered for a while on the burial-ground, looking over the rapids, and watching with a mixture of admiration and terror several little canoes which were fishing in the midst of the

boiling surge, dancing and popping about like corks. The canoe used for fishing is very small and light; one man (or woman more commonly) sits in the stern, and steers with a paddle; the fisher places himself upright on the prow, balancing a long pole with both hands, at the end of which is a scoop-net. This he every minute dips into the water, bringing up at each dip a fish, and sometimes two. I used to admire the fishermen on the Arno, and those on the Lagune, and above all the Neapolitan fisherman, hauling in their nets, or diving like ducks, but I never saw anything like these Indians. The manner in which they keep their position upon a footing of a few inches, is to me as incomprehensible as the beauty of their forms and attitudes, swayed by every movement and turn of their dancing, fragile barks, is admirable.

George Johnston, on whose arm I was leaning, (and I had much ado to *reach* it,) gave me such a vivid idea of the delight of coming down the cataract in a canoe, that I am half resolved to attempt it. Terrific as it appears, yet in a good canoe, and with experienced guides, there is no absolute danger, and it must be a glorious sensation.

Mrs. Johnston had spent the last fall and winter in the country, beyond Lake Superior, towards the forks of the Mississippi, where he had been employed as American agent to arrange the boundary line between the country of the Chippewas and that of their neighbors and implacable enemies, the Sioux. His mediation appeared successful for the time, and he smoked the pipe of peace with both tribes; but during the spring this ferocious war has again broken out, and he seems to think that nothing but the annihilation of either one nation or the other will entirely put an end to their conflicts; "for there is no point at which the Indian law of retaliation stops, short of the extermination of one of the parties."

I asked him how it is that in their wars the Indians make



no distinction between the warriors opposed to them and helpless women and children?—how it could be with a brave and manly people, that the scalps taken from the weak, the helpless, the unresisting, were as honourable as those torn from the warrior's skull? And I described to him the horror which this custom inspired—this, which of all their customs, most justifies the name of *savage*!

He said it was inseparable from their principles of war and their mode of warfare; the first consists in inflicting the greatest possible insult and injury on their foe with the least possible risk to themselves. This truly savage law of honour we might call cowardly, but that, being associated with the bravest contempt of danger and pain, it seems nearer to the natural law. With regard to the mode of warfare, they have rarely pitched battles, but skirmishes, surprises, ambuscades, and sudden forays into each other's hunting-grounds and villages. The usual practice is to creep stealthily on the enemy's village or hunting-encampment, and wait till just after the dawn; then, at the moment the sleepers in the lodges are rising, the ambushed warriors stoop and level their pieces about two feet from the ground, which thus slaughter indiscriminately. If they find one of the enemy's lodges undefended, they murder its inmates, that when the owner returns he may find his hearth desolate; for this is exquisite vengeance! But outrage against the chastity of women is absolutely unknown under any degree of furious excitement.\*

This respect of female honour will remind you of the ancient Germans, as described by Julius Caesar: he contrasts in some surprise their forbearance with the very opposite conduct of the Romans; and even down to this present day, if I recollect rightly, the history of our European wars and sieges

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\*"The whole history of Indian warfare," says Mr Schoolcraft, "might be challenged in vain for a solitary instance of this kind. The Indians believe that to take a dishonourable advantage of their female prisoners, would destroy their luck in hunting; it would be considered as effeminate and degrading in a warrior, and render him unfit for, and unworthy of, all manly achievement."



will bear out this early and characteristic distinction between the Latin and Teutonic nations. Am I right, or am I not?

To return to the Indians. After telling me some other particulars, which gave me a clearer view of their notions and feelings on these points than I ever had before, my informant mildly added,—“It is a constant and favourite subject of reproach against the Indians—this barbarism of their desultory warfare; but I should think more women and children have perished in *one* of your civilized sieges, and that in late times, than during the whole war between the Chippewas and Sioux, and *that* has lasted a century.”

I was silent, for there is a sensible proverb about taking care of our own glass windows: and I wonder if any of the recorded atrocities of Indian warfare or Indian vengeance, or all of them together, ever exceeded Massena's retreat from Portugal,—and the French call themselves civilized. A war party of Indians, perhaps two or three hundred, (and that is a very large number,) dance their war dance, go out and burn a village, and bring back twenty or thirty scalps. *They* are savages and heathens. We Europeans fight a battle, leave fifty thousand dead or dying by inches on the field, and hundred thousand to mourn them, desolate; but *we* are civilized and Christians. Then only look into the motives and causes of our bloodiest European wars as revealed in the private history of courts:—the miserable, puerile, degrading intrigues which set man against man—so horribly disproportioned to the horrid result! and then see the Indian take up his war-hatchet in vengeance for some personal injury, or from motives that rouse all the natural feelings of the natural man within him! Really I do not see that an Indian warrior, flourishing his tomahawk, and smeared with his enemy's blood, is so very much a greater savage than the pipe-clayed, padded, embroidered personage, who, without cause or motive, has sold himself to slay or be slain: one scalps his enemy, the other rips him open with a sabre; one smashes his brains

with a tomahawk, and the other blows him to atoms with a cannon-ball: and to me, femininely speaking, there is not a needle's point difference between the one and the other. If war be unchristian and barbarous, then war as a *science* is more absurd, unnatural, unchristian, than war as a *passion*.

This, perhaps, is putting it all too strongly, and a little exaggerated—

God forbid that I should think to disparage the blessings of civilization! I am a woman, and to the progress of civilization alone can we women look for release from many pains and penalties and liabilities, which now lie heavily upon us. Neither am I greatly in love with savage life, with all its picturesque accompaniments and lofty virtues. I see no reason why these virtues should be necessarily connected with dirt, ignorance, and barbarism. I am thankful to live in a land of literature and steam-engines. Chatsworth is better than a wigwam, and a seventy-four is a finer thing than a bark canoe. I do not *positively* assert that Taglioni dances more gracefully than the Little-Pure tobacco-smoker, nor that soap and water are preferable as cosmetics to tallow and charcoal; for these are matters of taste, and mine may be disputed. But I do say, that if our advantages of intellect and refinement are not to lead on to farther moral superiority, I prefer the Indians on the score of consistency; they are what they profess to be, and we are *not* what we profess to be. They profess to be warriors and hunters, and are so; we profess to be Christians, and civilized—are we so?

Then as to the mere point of cruelty;—there is something to be said on this point too. Ferocity, when the hot blood is up, and all the demon in man is roused by every conceivable excitement, I can understand better than the Indian can comprehend the tender mercies of our law. Owyawatta, better known by his English name, Red-Jacket, was once seen hurrying from the town of Buffalo, with rapid strides, and every mark of disgust and consternation in his face. Three

malefactors were to be hung that morning, and the Indian warrior had not nerve to face the horrid spectacle, although

"In sober truth the veriest devil  
That ere clenched fingers in a captive's hair."

Thus endeth my homily for tonight.

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The more I looked upon those glancing, dancing rapids, the more resolute I grew to venture myself in the midst of them. George Johnston went to seek a fit canoe and a dexterous steersman, and meantime I strolled away to pay a visit to Wayish,ky's family, and made a sketch of their lodge, while pretty Zah,gah, see, gah, quay held the umbrella to shade me.

The canoe being ready, I went up to the top or the portage, and we launched into the river. It was a small fishing canoe about ten feet long, quite new, and light and elegant and buoyant as a bird on the waters. I reclined on a mat at the bottom, Indian fashion, (there are no seats in a genuine Indian canoe;) in a minute we were within the verge of the rapids, and down we went with a whirl and a splash!—the white surge leaping around me—over me. The Indian with astonishing dexterity kept the head of the canoe to the breakers, and somehow or other we danced through them. I could see, as I looked over the edge of the canoe, that the passage between the rocks was sometimes not more than two feet in width, and we had to turn sharp angles—a touch of which would have sent us to destruction—all this I could see through the transparent eddying waters, but I can truly say, I had not even a momentary sensation of fear, but rather of giddy, breathless delicious excitement. I could even admire the beautiful attitude of a fisher, past whom we swept as we came to the bottom. The whole affair, from the moment I entered the canoe till I reached the landing place, occupied seven

minutes, and the distance is about three quarters of a mile.\*

My Indians were enchanted, and when I reached *home*, my good friends were not less delighted at my exploit: they told me I was the first European female who had ever performed it, and assuredly I shall not be the last. I recommend it as an exercise before breakfast. Two glasses of champagne could not have made me more tipsy and more self-complacent! As for my Neengai, she laughed, clapped her hands, and embraced me several times. I was declared duly initiated, and adopted into the family by the name of Wah,sah,ge,wah,no,qua. They had already called me among themselves, in reference to my complexion and my travelling propensities, O,daw,yaun,gee, *the fair changing moon*, or rather, *the fair moon which changes her place*; but now, in compliment to my successful achievement, Mrs. Johnston bestowed this new appellation, which I much prefer. It signifies *the bright foam*, or more properly, with the feminine adjunct *qua*, *the woman of the bright foam*; and by this name I am henceforth to be known among the Chippewas.

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\*"The total descent of the Fall of St. Mary's has been ascertained to be twenty-two and a half perpendicular feet. It has been found impracticable to ascend the rapid; but canoes have ventured down, though the experiment is extremely nervous and hazardous, and avoided by a portage, two miles long, which connects the navigable parts of the strait."—*Bouchette's Canada*.

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Now that I have been a Chippewa born, any time these four hours,\* I must introduce you to some of my new relations "of the totem of the reindeer;" and first to my illustrious grand-papa, Waub-Ojeeg† (the White-fisher.)

The Chippewas, as you perhaps know, have long been reckoned among the most warlike and numerous, but also among the wildest and most untamable nations of the north-west. In progressing with the other Algonquin tribes from south to north, they seem to have crossed the St. Lawrence

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\*Ant. I know you now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Aye, that I have been any time these four hours.

†The name is thus pronounced, but I have seen it spelt Wabbajik. Winter's Tale.

and dispersed themselves along the shores of Lake Ontario, and Lake Huron and its islands. Driven westward before the Iroquois, as *they* retired before the French and Hurons, the Chippewas appear to have crossed the St. Mary's River, and then spread along the south shores of Lake Superior. Their council fire, and the chief seat of the nation, was upon a promontory at the farthest end of Lake Superior, called by the French, La Pointe, and by the Indians, Chegoimegon; by one name or the other you will find it on most maps, as it has long been a place of importance in the fur-trade.\* Here there was the grand national council fire, (the extinction of which foretold, if it did not occasion, some dread national calamity,)+ and the residence of the presiding chief. The Indians know neither sovereignty nor nobility, but when one family has produced several distinguished war chiefs, the dignity becomes by courtesy or custom hereditary; and from whatever reason, the family of Wayish,ky or the Mudgi,kiwis, exercised, even from a remote period, a sort of influence over the rest of the tribe. One traveller says that the present descendants of these chiefs evince such a pride of ancestry as could only be looked for in feudal or despotic monarchies. The present representative, Piz,hi,kee, (the Buffalo,) my illustrious cousin, still resides at La Pointe. When presented with a silver medal of authority from the American government, he said haughtily, "What need of this? it is known to all whence I am descended!" Family pride, you see, lies somewhere very deep in human nature.

When the Chippewas first penetrated to these regions, they came in contact with the Ottagamies or Foxes, who, being

\*Henry says, "The Chippewas of Chegoimegon are a handsome, well-made people, and much more cleanly, as well as much more regular in the government of their families, than the Chippewas of Lake Huron." "The women," he adds, "have agreeable features." At this time (1765) they knew nothing of European manufactures and were habited in dressed deer-skins.

†Governor Cass. He adds, "that there were male and female guardians to whose care the sacred fire was committed," and that "no fact is better established in the whole range of Indian history than the devotion of some, if not all, the tribes, to this characteristic feature of the ancient superstition of the Magi."

descended from the same stock, received them as brothers, and at first ceded to them a part of their boundless hunting-grounds: and as these Ottagamies were friends and allies of the Sioux, these three nations continued for some time friends, and intermarriages and family alliances took place. But the increasing power of the Chippewas soon excited the jealousy and apprehension of the other two tribes. The Ottagamies committed inroads on their hunting-grounds, (this is the primary cause of almost all the Indian wars,) the Chippewas sent an embassy to complain of the injury, and desired the Ottagamies to restrain their young men within the stipulated bounds. The latter returned an insulting answer. The war-hatchet was raised, and the Sioux and the Ottagamies united against the Chippewas: this was about 1726 or 1730. From this time there has been no peace between the Chippewas and Sioux.

It happened just before the declaration of war, that a young Chippewa girl was married to a Sioux chief of great distinction, and bore him two sons. When hostilities commenced the Sioux chief retired to his own tribe, and his wife remained with her relations, according to Indian custom. The two children, belonging to both tribes, were hardly safe with either; but as the father was best able to protect them, it was at last decided that they should accompany him. The Sioux chief and his boys departed to join his warriors, accompanied by his Chippewa wife and her relations, till they were in safety; then the young wife returned home weeping and inconsolable for the loss of her husband and children. Some years afterwards she consented to become the wife of the great chief at Chegoimegon. Her son by this marriage was Mamongazida, or Mongazida, (the Loon's-foot,) a chief of great celebrity, who led a strong party of his nation in the Canadian wars between the French and English, fighting on the side of the French. He was present at the battle of Quebec, when Wolfe was killed, and according to the Indian

tradition, the Marquis Montcalm died in Mongazida's arms. After the war was over, he "shook hands" with the English. He was at the grand assemblage of chiefs, convened by Sir William Johnstone, at Niagara, and from him received a rich gorget, and broad belt of wampum, as pledges of peace and alliance with the English. These relics were preserved in the family with great veneration, and inherited by Waub-Ojeeg, and afterwards by his younger brother, Comudwa; but it happened that when Camudwa was out on a winter-hunt near the river Broulé, he and all his family were overtaken by famine and starved to death, and these insignia were then lost and never recovered. This last incident is a specimen of the common vicissitudes of Indian life; and when listening to their domestic histories, I observe that the events of paramount interest are the want or the abundance of food—hunger or plenty. "We killed a moose, or a bear, and had meat for so many days;" or, "we followed on the track of a bear, and he escaped us; we have had *no* meat for so many days;" these are the ever-recurring topics which in their conversation stand instead of the last brilliant essay in the Edinburgh or Quarterly, or the last news from Russia or Spain. Starvation from famine is not uncommon; and I am afraid, from all I hear, that cannibalism under such circumstances is not unknown. Remembering some recent instances nearer home, when extreme hunger produced the same horrid result, I could not be much astonished.

To return. Waub-Ojeeg was the second son of this famous Mongazida. Once when the latter went out on his "fall hunts," on the grounds near the Sioux territory, taking all his relatives with him, (upwards of twenty in number,) they were attacked by the Sioux at early dawn, in the usual manner. The first volley had gone through the lodges; before the second could be fired, Mongazida rushed out, and proclaiming his own name with a loud voice, demanded if Wabash, his mother's son, were among the assailants. There



was a pause, and then a tall figure in his war-dress, with a profusion of feathers in his head, stepped forward and gave his hand to his half-brother. They all repaired to lodge in peace together; but at the moment the Sioux chief stooped to enter, Waub-Ojeeg, then a boy of eight years old, who had planted himself at the entrance to defend it, struck him a blow on the forehead with his little war-club. Wabash, enchanted, took him up in his arms and prophesied that he would become a great war-chief, and an implacable enemy of the Sioux. Subsequently the prophecy was accomplished, and Waub-Ojeeg commanded his nation in all the war-parties against the Sioux and Ottagamies. He was generally victorious, and so entirely defeated the Ottagamies, that they never afterwards ventured to oppose him, but retired down the Wisconsin river, where they are now settled.

But Waub-Ojeeg was something more and better than merely a successful warrior: he was remarkable for his eloquence, and composed a number of war-songs, which were sung through the Chippewa villages, and some of which his daughter can repeat. He was no less skilful in hunting than in war. His hunting-grounds extended to the river Broulé, at Fond du Lac; and he killed any one who dared to intrude on his district. The skins he took annually were worth three hundred and fifty dollars, a sum amply sufficient to make him rich in clothing, arms, powder, vermilion, and trinkets. Like Tecumseh, he would not marry early lest it should turn his attention from war, but at the age of thirty he married a widow, by whom he had two sons. Becoming tired of this elderly helpmate, he took a young wife, a beautiful girl of fourteen, by whom he had six children; of these my Neengai is the eldest. She described her father as affectionate and domestic. "There was always plenty of bear's meat and deer's flesh in the lodge." He had a splendid wigwam, sixty feet in length, which he was fond of ornamenting. In the centre there was a strong post, which rose several feet above the roof,



and on the top there was the carved figure of an owl, which veered with the wind. This owl seems to have answered the same purpose as the flag on the tower of Windsor Castle: it was the insignia of his power and of his presence. When absent on his long winter hunts the lodge was shut up, and the owl taken down.

The skill of Waub-Ojeeg as a hunter and trapper, brought him into friendly communication with a fur-trader named Johnston, who had succeeded the enterprising Henry in exploring Lake Superior. This young man, of good Irish family, came out to Canada with strong letters of recommendation to Lord Dorchester, that he was invited to reside in the government house till a vacancy occurred in his favour in one of the official departments; mean time, being of an active and adventurous turn, he joined a party of traders going up the lakes, merely as an excursion, but became so enamoured of that wild life, as to adopt it in earnest. On one of his expeditions, when encamped at Chegoimegon and trafficking with Waub-Ojeeg, he saw the eldest daughter of the chief, and "no sooner looked than he sighed, no sooner sighed than he asked himself the reason," and ended by asking his friend to give him his beautiful daughter. "White man!" said the chief with dignity, "your customs are not our customs! you white men desire our women, you marry them, and when they cease to please your eye, you say they are *not* your wives, and you forsake them. Return, young friend, with your load of skins, to Montreal; and if there, the women of the pale faces do not put my child out of your mind, return hither in the spring and we will talk farther; she is young, and can wait." The young Irishman, ardently in love, and impatient and impetuous, after the manner of my countrymen, tried arguments, entreaties, presents, in vain—he was obliged to submit. He went down to Montreal, and the following spring returned and claimed his bride. The chief, after making him swear that he would take her as his *wife* according to the law of the

white man, *till death*, gave him his daughter, with a long speech of advice to both.

Mrs. Johnston relates, that previous to her marriage, she *fasted*, according to the universal Indian custom, for a *guardian spirit*: to perform this ceremony, she went away to the summit of an eminence, and built herself a little lodge of cedar boughs, painted herself black, and began her fast in solitude. She dreamed continually of a white man, who approached her with a cup in his hand saying "Poor thing! why are you punishing yourself? Why do you fast? here is food for you!" He was always accompanied by a dog, which looked up in her face as though he knew her. Also she dreamed of being on a high hill, which was surrounded by water, and from which she beheld many canoes full of Indians, coming to her and paying her homage; after this she felt as if she were carried up into the heavens, and as she looked down upon the earth, she perceived it was on fire, and said to herself, "All my relations will be burned!" but a voice answered and said, "No, they will not be destroyed, they will be saved;" and she *knew it was a spirit*, because the voice was not human. She fasted for ten days, during which time her grandmother brought her at intervals some water. When satisfied that she had obtained a guardian spirit in the white stranger who haunted her dreams, she returned to her father's lodge, carrying green cedar boughs, which she threw on the ground, stepping on them as she went. When she entered the lodge, she threw some more down upon her usual place, (next her mother,) and took her seat. During the ten succeeding days she was not permitted to eat any meat, nor anything but a little corn boiled with a bitter herb. For ten days more she ate meat smoked in a particular manner, and she then partook of the usual food of her family.

Notwithstanding that her future husband and future greatness were so clearly prefigured in this dream, the pretty o, shah, gush, ko, da, na, qua having always regarded a white

man with awe, and as a being of quite another species, (perhaps the more so in consequence of her dream,) seems to have felt nothing throughout the whole negotiation for her hand, but reluctance, terror, and aversion. On being carried with the usual ceremonies to her husband's lodge, she fled into a dark corner, rolled herself up in her blanket, and would not be comforted nor even looked upon. It is to the honour of Johnston that he took no cruel advantage of their mutual position, and that she remained in his lodge ten days, during which he treated her with the utmost tenderness and respect, and sought by every gentle means to overcome her fear and gain her affection; and it was touching to see how tenderly and gratefully this was remembered by his bride after a lapse of thirty-six years. On the tenth day, however, she ran away from him in a paroxysm of terror, and after fasting in the woods for four days, reached her grandfather's wigwam. Meantime, her father, Waub-Ojeeg, who was far off in his hunting camp, *dreamed* that his daughter had not conducted herself, according to his advice, with proper wife-like docility, and he returned in haste two days' journey to see after her; and finding all things *according to his dream*, he gave her a good beating with a stick, and threatened to cut off her ears. He then took her back to her husband, with a propitiatory present of furs and Indian corn, and many apologies and exculpations of his own honour. Johnston succeeded at length in taming this shy wild fawn, and took her to his house at the Sault Ste. Marie. When she had been there some time she was seized with a longing once more to behold her mother's face, and revisit her people. Her husband had lately purchased a small schooner to trade upon the lake; this he fitted out, and sent her, with a retinue of his clerks and retainers, and in such state as become the wife of the "great Englishman," to her home at La Pointe, loaded with magnificent presents for all her family. He did not go with her himself, apparently from motives of delicacy, and that he might be no

constraint upon her feelings or movements. A few months' residence amid comparative splendour and luxury, with a man who treated her with respect and tenderness, enabled the fair O,shah,gush,ko,ka,na,qua to contrast her former with her present home. She soon returned to her husband, and we do not hear of any more languishing after her father's wigwam. She lived most happily with Johnston for thirty-six years, till his death, which occurred in 1828, and is the mother of eight children, four boys and four girls.

She showed me her husband's picture, which he brought to her from Montréal; the features are very gentleman-like. He has been described to me by some of my Canadian friends, who knew him well, as a very clever, lively, and eccentric man, and a little of the *bon vivant*. Owing to his independent fortune, his talents, his long acquaintance with the country, and his connexion by marriage with the native blood, he had much influence in the country.

During the last American war, he of course adhered to the English, on an understanding that he should be protected; in return for which the Americans *of course* burnt his house, and destroyed his property. He never could obtain either redress or compensation from our government. The very spot on which his house stood, was at the peace made over to the United States;—himself and all his family became, per force, Americans. His sons are in the service of the States. In a late treaty, when the Chippewas ceded an immense tract in this neighbourhood to the American government, a reserve was made in favour of O,shah,gush,ko,ka,na,qua, of a considerable section of land, which will render her posterity rich territorial proprietors—although at present it is all unreclaimed forest. A large tract of Sugar Island is her property; and this year she manufactured herself three thousand five hundred weight of sugar of excellent quality. In the fall, she goes up with her people in canoes to the entrance of Lake Superior, and fishes in the bays and creeks for a fortnight,

and comes back with a load of fish cured for the winter's consumption. In her youth she hunted, and was accounted the surest eye and fleetest foot among the women of her tribe. Her talents, energy, activity, and strength of mind, and her skill in all the domestic avocations of the Indian women, have maintained comfort and plenty within her dwelling in spite of the losses sustained by her husband, while her descent from the blood of their ancient chiefs renders her an object of great veneration among the Indians around, who, in all their miseries, maladies, and difficulties, apply to her for aid or for counsel.

She has inherited the poetical talent of her father Waub-Ojeeg; and here is a little fable or allegory which was written down from her recitation and translated by her daughter.

#### THE ALLEGORY OF WINTER AND SUMMER.

A man from the north, gray-haired, leaning on his staff, went roving over all countries. Looking around him one day, after having traveled without any intermission for four moons, he sought out a spot on which to recline and rest himself. He had not been long seated, before he saw before him a young man, very beautiful in his appearance, with red cheeks, sparkling eyes, and his hair covered with flowers: and from between his lips he blew a breath that was as sweet as the wild rose.

Said the old man to him, as he leaned upon his staff, his white beard reaching down upon his breast, "Let us repose here awhile, and converse a little. But first we will build up a fire, and we will bring together much wood, for it will be needed to keep us warm."

The fire was made, and they took their seats by it, and began to converse, each telling the other where he came from, and what had befallen him by the way. Presently the young man felt cold. He looked round him to see what had produced this change, and pressed his hands against his cheeks to keep them warm.

The old man spoke and said, "When I wish to cross a river, I breathe upon it and make it hard, and walk over upon its surface. I have only to speak, and bid the waters be still, and touch them with my finger, and they become hard as stone. The tread of my foot makes soft things hard—and my power is boundless."

The young man, feeling every moment still colder, and growing tired of the old man's boasting, and the morning being nigh, as he perceived by the reddening east, thus began—

"Now, my father, I wish to speak."

"Speak," said the old man, "my ear, though it be old, is open—it can hear."

"Then," said the young man, "I also go over all the earth, I have seen it covered with snow, and the waters I have seen hard as stone; but I have only passed over them, and the snow has melted; the mountain streams have begun to flow, the rivers to move, the ice to melt: the earth has become green under my tread, the flowers blossomed, the birds were joyful, and all the power of which you boast vanished away!"

The old man drew a deep sigh, and shaking his head, he said, "I know thee, thou art Spring!"

"True," said the young man, "and here behold my head—see it crowned with flowers! and my cheeks how they bloom—come near and touch me. Thou art Winter! I know thy power is great; but, father, thou dardest not come to my country,—thy beard would fall off, and all thy strength would fail and thou wouldst die!"

The old man felt this truth; for before the morning was come, he was seen vanishing away: but each, before they parted, expressed a hope that they might meet again before many moons.

The language of the Chippewas, however figurative and significant, is not copious. In their speeches and songs they are emphatic and impressive by the continual repetition of the same phrase or idea; and it seems to affect them like the

perpetual recurrence of a few simple notes in music, by which I have been myself wound up to painful excitement, or melted to tears.

A cousin of mine (I have now a large Chippewa cousinship) went on a hunting excursion, leaving his wife and child in his lodge. During his absence, a party of Sioux carried them off, and on his return he found his fire extinguished, and his lodge empty. He immediately blackened his face, (Indian mourning,) and repaired to the lodge of his wife's brother, to whom he sang, in a kind of mournful recitative, the following song;—the purpose of which seems to be partly a request for aid against his enemies, and partly an excuse for the seeming fault of leaving his family unprotected in his wigwam.

My brother-in-law, do not wrongfully accuse me for this seeming neglect in exposing my family, for I have come to request aid from my brother-in-law!

The cry of my little son was heard as they carried him across the prairie, and therefore I have come to supplicate aid from my brother-in-law.

And the voice also of my wife was heard as they carried her across the prairie; do not then accuse your brother-in-law, for he has come to seek aid from his brother-in-law!

This song is in a measure, ten and eight syllables alternately; and the perpetual recurrence of the word brother-in-law seems intended to impress the idea of their relationship on the mind of the hearer.

The next is the address of a war party to their women, on leaving the village:\*

Do not weep, do not weep for me,  
Loved women, should I die;  
For yourselves alone should you weep!  
Poor are ye all and to be pitied:  
Ye women, ye are to be pitied!

---

\*From Mr. Schoolcraft, translated literally by Mrs. Schoolcraft.



I seek, I seek our fallen relations,  
 I go to revenge, revenge the slain,  
 Our relations fallen and slain,  
 And our foes, our foes shall lie  
 Like them, like them shall they lie,  
 I go to lay them low, to lay them low!

And then *da capo*, over and over again.

The next is a love song, in the same style of iteration:

'Tis now two days, two long days,  
 Since last I tasted food;  
 'Tis for you, for you, my love,  
 That I grieve, that I grieve,  
 'Tis for you, for you that I grieve!

The waters flow deep and wide,  
 On which, love, you have sail'd;  
 Dividing you far from me.  
 'Tis for you, for you, my love,  
 'Tis for you, for you that I grieve!

If you look at some half thousand of our most fashionable and admired Italian songs—the Notturmi of Blangini, for instance—you will find them very like this Chippewa canzonetta, in the no-meaning and perpetual repetition of certain words and phrases; at the same time, I doubt if it be *always* necessary for a song to have a meaning—it is enough if it have a sentiment.

Here are some verses of a war song, in the same style as to composition, but breathing very different sentiments:

I sing, I sing, under the centre of the sky,  
 Under the centre of the sky,  
 Under the centre of the sky I sing, I sing,  
 Under the centre of the sky!

Every day I look at you, you morning star,  
 You morning star;  
 Every day I look at you, you morning star,  
 You morning star.

The birds of the brave take a flight round the sky,  
 A flight round the sky;  
 The birds of the brave take a flight, take a flight,  
 A flight round the sky.

They cross the enemy's line, the birds!  
 They cross the enemy's line;  
 The birds, the birds, the ravenous birds,  
 They cross the enemy's line.

The spirits on high repeat my name,  
 Repeat my name;  
 The spirits on high, the spirits on high,  
 Repeat my name.

Full happy am I to to be slain and to lie,  
 On the enemy's side of the line to lie;  
 Full happy am I, full happy am I,  
 On the enemy's side of the line to lie!

I give you these as curiosities, and as being at least genuine;  
 they have this merit, if they have no other.

Of the next song, I subjoin the music. It seems to have  
 been composed on a young American, (*a Long Knife*,) who  
 made love to a Chippewa girl, (*Ojibway quaince*.)

## OJIBWAY QUAINCE.

Aun dish wee do we nain, Git-chee mo-ko-maum aince Kah  
 zah wah do mood we yá yá hah há we yá yá hah há.

We ah, bem, ah dè,  
 We mah jah need dè,  
 We ne moo, sha yun  
 We yà, yà hah hà! we yà yà hah hà!

O mow we mah ne  
 We mah jah neid dè,  
 O jib we quaince un nè,  
 We yà, yà hah hà! we yà yà hah hà!

Kah ween, goo shah, ween nè,  
 Keesh wan zhe e we ye  
 O gah, mah we mah zeen.  
 We yà, yà hah hà! we yà yà hah hà!

Mee goo shah wee e goo  
 Ke bish quah bem ah de  
 Che wah nain ne mah de.  
 We yà, yà hah hà! we yà yà hah hà!

The literal meaning of the song, without the perpetual repetitions and transpositions, is just this:

Hah! what is the matter with the young Long-knife? he crosses the river with tears in his eyes. He sees the young Chippewa girl preparing to leave the place; he sobs for his sweetheart because she is going away, but he will not sigh for her long; as soon as he is out of sight he will forget her!

---

I have been too long on the other side of the river; I must return to our Canadian shore, where indeed I now reside, under the hospitable roof of our missionary. Mrs. MacMurray's overflowing goodnature, cleverness, and liveliness, are as delightful in their way as the more pensive intelligence of her sister.

I have had some interesting talk with Mr. MacMurray on the subject of his mission and the character of the people consigned to his care and spiritual guidance. He arrived here in 1832, and married Charlotte Johnston (O,ge,bu,no,qua) the following year. During the five years which have elapsed since the establishment of the mission, there have been one hundred and forty-five baptisms, seven burials, and thirteen marriages; and the present number of communicants is sixty-six.

He is satisfied with his success, and seems to have gained the goodwill and attachment of the Indians around; he owes much, he says, to his sweet wife, whose perfect knowledge of the language and habits of her people have aided him in his task. She is a warm enthusiast in the cause of conversion, and the labour and fatigue of interpreting the prayers and sermons, and teaching the Indians to sing, at one time seriously affected her health. She has a good voice and correct ear, and has succeeded in teaching several of the women and children to sing some of our church hymns very pleasingly.

She says all the Indians are passionately fond of music, and that it is a very effective means of interesting and fixing their attention. Mr. MacMurray says, they take the most eager delight in the parables, and his explanations of them—frequently melting into tears. When he collected them together and addressed them, on his first arrival, several of those present were intoxicated, he therefore took the opportunity of declaiming against their besetting vice in strong terms. After waiting till he had finished, one of their chief men arose and replied gravely: "My father, before the white men came, we could hunt and fish, and raise corn enough for our families; we knew nothing of your fire-water. If it is so very bad, why did the white men bring it here? *we* did not desire it!"

They were in a degraded state of poverty, recklessness, and misery: there is now at least *some* improvement; about thirty children attend Mrs. MacMurray's school; many of them are decently clothed, and they have gardens in which they have raised crops of potatoes and Indian corn. The difficulty is to keep them together for any time sufficient to make a permanent impression: their wild, restless habits prevail: and even their necessities interfere against the efforts of their teachers; they go off to their winter hunting-grounds for weeks together, and when they return the task of instruction has to begin again.

One of their chiefs from the north came to Mr. MacMurray, and expressed a wish to become a Christian; unfortunately, he had three wives, and, as a necessary preliminary, he was informed that he must confine himself to one. He had no objection to keep the youngest, to whom he was lately married, and put away the two others, but this was not admissible. The one he had first taken to wife was to be the permitted wife, and no other. He expostulated; Mr. MacMurray insisted; in the end, the old man went off in high dudgeon. Next morning there was no sign of his wigwam, and he never

applied again to be "made a Christian," the terms apparently being too hard to digest. "The Roman catholic priests," said Mr. MacMurray, "are not so strict on this point as we are; they insist on the convert retaining only one wife, but they leave him the choice among those who bear that title."

They have a story among themselves of a converted Indian, who, after death, applied for admittance to the paradise of the white men, and was refused; he then went to the paradise of the Red-skins, but *there* too he was rejected; and after wandering about for some time disconsolate, he returned to life, (like Gitchee Gausinee,) to warn his companions by his experience in the other world.

Mr. MacMurray reckons among his most zealous converts several great medicine-men and conjurors. I was surprised at first at the comparative number of these, and the readiness with which they become Christians; but it may be accounted for in two ways; they are in general the most intelligent men in the tribe, and they are more sensible than any others of the false and delusive nature of their own tricks and superstitious observances. When a sorcerer is converted, he, in the first place, surrenders his *meta,wa,aun*, or medicine-sack, containing his manitos. Mr. MacMurray showed me several; an owl-skin, a wild-cat-skin, an otter-skin; and he gave me two, with the implements of sorcery; one of birch-bark, containing the skin of black adder; the other, an embroidered mink-skin, contains the skin of an enormous rattle-snake, (four feet long,) a feather died crimson, a cowrie shell, and some magical pebbles, wrapped up in bark—the spells and charms of this Indian Archimago, whose name was, I think, Matabash. He also gave me a drum, formed of skin stretched over a hoop, and filled with pebbles, and a most portentous looking rattle formed of about a hundred bears' claws, strung together by a throng, and suspended to a carved stick, both being used in their medicine dances.

The chief of this Chippewa village is a very extraordinary

character. His name is Shinguaconse, *the Little Pine*, but he chooses to drop the adjunct, and calls himself the Pine. He is not an hereditary chief, but an elective or war-chief, and owes his dignity to his bravery and to his eloquence; among these people, a man who unites both is sure to obtain power. Without letters, without laws, without any arbitrary distinctions of rank or wealth, and with a code of morality so simple, that upon *that* point they are pretty much on a par, it is superior natural gifts, strength and intelligence, that raise an Indian to distinction and influence. He has not the less to fish for his own dinner, and build his own canoe.

Shinguaconse led a band of warriors in the war of 1812, was at Fort Malden, and in the battle of the Moravian towns. Besides being eloquent and brave, he was a famous conjuror. He is now a Christian, with all his family; and Mr. MacMurray finds him a most efficient auxiliary in ameliorating the conditions of his people. When the traders on the opposite side endeavored to seduce him back to his old habit of drinking, he told them, "When I wanted it, you would not give it to me; now I do not want it, you try to force it upon me; drink it yourselves!" and turned his back.

The ease with which liquor is procured from the opposite shore, and the bad example of many of the soldiers and traders, are, however, a serious obstacle to the missionary's success. Nor is the love of whiskey confined to the men. Mrs. MacMurray imitated with great humor the deportment of a tipsey squaw, dragging her blanket after her, with one corner over her shoulder, and singing, in most blissful independence and defiance of her lordly husband, a song, of which the burthen is—

The Englishman will give me some of his milk!  
I will drink the Englishman's milk!

Her own personal efforts have reclaimed many of these wretched creatures.

Next to the passion for ardent spirits is the passion for gambling. Their common game of chance is played with beans, or with small bones, painted of different colours; and these beans have been as fatal as ever were the dice in Christendom. They will gamble away even their blankets and moccasins; and while the game lasts, not only the players, but the lookers-on, are in a perfect ecstasy of suspense and agitation.

Mr. MacMurray says, that when the Indians are here during the fishing season from the upper waters of the lake, his rooms are crowded with them; wherever there is an open door they come in. "It is *impossible* to escape from an Indian who chooses to inflict his society on you, or wishes for yours: he comes at all hours, not having the remotest idea of convenience or inconvenience, or of the possibility of intrusion. There is absolutely no remedy but to sit still and endure. I have them in my room sometimes, without intermission, from sunrise to sunset." He added, that they never took anything, nor did the least injury, except that which necessarily resulted from their vile, dirty habits, and the smell of their *kinnikinic*, which together, I should think, are quite *enough*. Those few which are now here, and the women especially, are always lounging in and out, coming to Mrs. MacMurray about every little trifle, and very frequently about nothing at all.

Sir John Colborne took a strong interest in the conversion and civilization of the Indians, and though often discouraged, did not despair. He promised to found a village, and build log-houses for the converts here, as at Coldwater, (on Lake Simcoe;) but this promise has not been fulfilled, nor is it likely to be so. I asked, very naturally, "Why, if the Indians wish for log-huts, do they not build them? They are on the verge of the forest, and the task is not difficult." I was told it was impossible; that they neither *could* nor *would*!—that this sort of labour is absolutely inimical to their habits. It requires more strength than the women possess; and for the



men to fell wood and carry logs were an unheard-of degradation. Mrs. MacMurray is very anxious that their houses should be built, because she thinks it will keep her converts stationary. Whether their morality, cleanliness, health, and happiness, will be thereby improved, I doubt; and the present governor seems to have very decidedly made up his mind on the matter. I should like to see an Indian brought to prefer a house to a wigwam, and live in a house of his own building; but what is gained by building houses for them? The promise was made, however, and the Indians have no comprehension of a change of governors being a change of principles. They consider themselves deceived and ill-treated. Shinguaconse has lately (last January) addressed a letter or speech to Sir Francis Head on the subject, which is a curious specimen of expostulation. "My father," he says, "you have made promises to me and to my children. You promised me houses, but as yet nothing has been performed, although five years are past. I am now growing very old, and, to judge by the way you have used me, I am afraid I shall be laid in my grave before I see any of your promises fulfilled. Many of your children address you, and tell you they are poor, and they are much better off than I am in everything. I can say, in sincerity, that I am poor. I am like the beast of the forest that has no shelter. I lie down on the snow, and cover myself with the boughs of the trees. If the promises had been made by a person of no standing, I should not be astonished to see his promises fail. But you, who are so great in riches and in power, I am astonished that I do not see your promises fulfilled; I would have been better pleased if you had never made such promises to me, than that you should have made them and not performed them."

Then follows a stroke of Indian irony.

"But, my father, perhaps I do not see clearly; I am old, and perhaps I have lost my eye-sight; and if you should come to visit us, you might discover these promises already

performed; I have heard that you have visited all parts of the country around. This is the only place you have not yet seen; if you will promise to come I will have my little fish (*i. e.* the white-fish ready drawn from the water, that you may taste of the food which sustains me."

Shinguaconse then complains, that certain of the French Canadians had cut down their timber to sell it to the Americans, by permission of a British magistrate, residing at St. Joseph's. He says, "Is this right? I have never heard that the British had purchased our land and timber from us. But whenever I say a word, they say, 'Pay no attention to him, he knows nothing.' This will not do!"

He concluded with infinite politeness:

"And now, my father, I shall take my seat, and look towards your place, that I may hear the answer you will send me between this time and spring.

"And now, my father, I have done! I have told you some things that were on my mind. I take you by the hand, and wish you a happy new year, trusting that we may be allowed to see one another again."

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Mrs. Johnston told me that when her children are absent from her, and she looks for their return, she has a sensation, a merely physical sensation, like that she experienced when she first laid them to her bosom; this yearning amounts at times to absolute pain, almost as intolerable as the pang of child-birth, and is so common that the Indians have a word to express it. The maternal instinct, like all the other natural instincts, is in these people to a degree we can no more conceive than we can their quick sense. As a cat deprived of its kittens will suckle an animal of a different species, so an Indian woman who has lost her child *must* have another. "Bring me my son! or see me die!" exclaimed a bereaved

mother to her husband, and she lay down on her mat, covered her head with her blanket, and refused to eat. The man went and kidnapped one of the enemy's children, and brought it to her. She laid it in her bosom, and was consoled. Here is the *animal* woman.

The mortality among the children is very great among the unreclaimed Indians, from want of knowing how to treat infantine maladies, and from want of cleanliness. When dysentery is brought on from this cause, the children almost invariably perish. When kept clean, the bark-cradles are excellent things for their mode of life, and effectually preserve the head and limbs of the infant from external injury.

When a young Chippewa of St Mary's sees a young girl who pleases him, and whom he wishes to marry, he goes and catches a loach, boils it, and cuts off the tail, of which he takes the flat bone, and sticks it in his hair. He paints himself bewitchingly, takes a sort of a rude flute or pipe, with two or three stops, which seems to be only used on these amatory occasions, and walks up and down his village, blowing on his flute, and looking, I presume, as sentimental as an Indian *can* look. This is regarded as an indication of his intentions, and throws all the lodges in which there are young marriageable girls into a flutter, though probably the fair one who is his secret choice is pretty well aware of it. The next step is to make presents to the parents and relatives of the young woman; if these are accepted, and his suit prospers, he makes presents to his intended; and all that now remains is to bring her home to his lodge. He neither swears before God to love her till death—an oath which it depends not on his own will to keep, even if it be not perjury in the moment it is pronounced—nor to endow her with *all* his worldly goods and chattels, when even by the act of union she loses all right of property; but apparently the arrangements answer all purposes, to their mutual satisfaction.

The names of the women are almost always derived from

some objects or appearances in nature, generally of a pleasing kind; the usual termination *qua* or *quay*, immediately blending with their signification the idea of womanhood. Thus, my Indian mother is "the green prairie," (woman.) Mrs. Schoolcraft's name, Obah,bahm,wa,wa,ge,zhe,go,qua, signifies literally "the sound which the stars make rushing through the sky," and which I translate into *the music of the spheres*.

Mrs. MacMurray is "the wild rose:" one of her youngest sisters is Wah,bu,nung,o,qua, the morning star (woman;) another is Omis,ka,bu,go,qua, (the woman of) "the red leaf."

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I went to take leave of my uncle Wayish-ky, and found him ill—poor fellow; he is fretting about his younger son. I learn with pleasure that his daughter Zah,gah,see,ga,qua is likely to accompany me to the Manitoolin Islands.

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July 31.

This last evening of my sojourn at the Sault Ste. Marie is very melancholy—we have been all very sad. Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray are to accompany me in my voyage down the lake to the Manitoolin Islands, having some business to transact with the governor:—so you see Providence *does* take care of me; how I could have got there alone, I cannot tell, but I must have tried. At first we had arranged to go in a bark canoe; the very canoe which belonged to Captain Back, and which is now lying in Mr. MacMurray's court-yard; but our party will be large, and we shall be encumbered with much baggage and provisions—not having yet learned to live on the portable maize and fat: our voyage is likely to take three days and a half, even if the weather continues favourable, and if it do not, why we shall be obliged to put into

some creek or harbour, and pitch our tent, gipsy fashion, for a day or two. There is not a settlement nor a habitation on our route, nothing but lake and forest. The distance is about one hundred and seventy miles, rather more than less; Mr. MacMurray therefore advises a bateau, in which, if we do not get on so quickly, we shall have more space and comfort,—and thus it is to be.

I am sorry to leave these kind, excellent people, but most I regret Mrs. Schoolcraft.

## HISTORICAL NOTES

FATHER WILLIAM F. GAGNIEUR writes from Sault Ste. Marie:

I have read in a recent number of the "Magazine" the discussion about the reliability of Alexander Henry's account. It surprised and interested me. What I am going to say will not, I think, bear one way or another on either side of the discussion in question, though I confess, it may suggest to some readers the possibility of some other inaccuracies.

Of course an error may be explained by lapse of memory or by a defect in really never having caught a name correctly. At all events this little note may be of interest if not of importance. I refer to the name of Alexander Henry's friend "Wawatam."

Today, as you know, the new ferry at the "Straits" is named "Chief Wawatam." Up in this Peninsula they call it "Wahwahtam." I was asked once what the word meant and I was puzzled. Suddenly one day it struck me that "Wahwahtam" should be pronounced "WayWaytam." Then I began to study it with some show of success. This is what I made out of it. But before proceeding further, I shall premise that I am using the European vowel-values.

Thus: i = ee or at least =i as in "lid";

e = a long as in "say."

The termination "We" = "giving out a sound."

"Bi" "Mt(d)" before a vowel, signifying, direction this way".

The termination "Witam" (Widam) alludes to speech; speaking.

The termination "We" is often re-duplicated, giving us "Bitwe" or "Bitwewe" meaning "the sound reaches here."

v. g. "Bitwewessin" = "The sound (say of a bell) reaches us; otherwise, "we hear the sound of a bell."

By combining "Bitwe" (Bitwewe) with "Widam" or "Witam", which latter signifies speech, as we said above, we get the word "Bitwewitam" = "We hear him speak"—i.e. "His speech reaches us."

Now supposing that this word were given to an Indian child as a proper name, a common custom among the Indians, we would get "Batwewitam," the "a" being the participial change of "i". It would be easy for an inexperienced ear to understand "*Batwewetam*" instead of "Batwewitam"; and forgetting "Bat," the hearer would get "*Wewetam*", (Waywaytam).

Doubtless, however, it will remain "Wahwahtam" as long as the boat lasts, just as "Nahma" (Nahmay = Sturgeon) on Bay de Noc will remain "Naymah".

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**F**ATHER GAGNIEUR kindly calls our attention to a typographical error in Vol. VI of the Magazine, double number 2-3, page 232, where "Rev. Father Pierré" should be "Rev. Fr. Piret."

Dr. T. A. Felch writes that on page 537, number 4 of the same volume, in his article on "Early Days in the Upper Peninsula," the discovery of iron ore in the peninsula should have been attributed to William Austin Burt instead of to Dr. Douglas Houghton; and that (on page 538) William Austin Burt, not John Burt, was the inventor of the Solar Compass.

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**M**R. BYRON A. FINNEY of Ann Arbor writes: In the Carleton Bibliography appended to my paper in volume 39 of the *Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections* there were accidentally two errors, which I have long wanted to correct, but have delayed and put off in some indecision as to how to make the corrections. When the paper was printed in the Magazine, the bibliography was not included, and so there was no opportunity for correction. The following item, which was listed under "Carleton" somewhere, should not have been included, as it belonged to Mrs. French-Emerson, the claimant to the authorship of the "Betsey" poem:

My Wife and I Quarrelled, (also) Betsey and I Are Out. sq. 18 mo. N. Y., G. W. Carleton & Co. 1877.

Also, the following item, catalogued under Will Carleton in the printed catalogue of the Detroit Public Library, and in other places, should not have been included, as I found, after later investigation, that it was written by Alonzo Hopkins.

Geraldine a romance in Verse. 18 mo. anon. Boston 1881. Det. Pub. Lib. S 1 C 2f Geraldine; a souvenir of the St. Lawrence. 16 mo. Bost. 1881.

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MRS. CLAUDE D. HAMILTON of Fowlerville sends us an interesting note about her grandfather, Mr. Saul Kinsman, an early pioneer of Michigan. She says:

About two years ago when Mrs. Marie B. Ferrey was here speaking at our Literary Club meeting, my sister, Miss Gardner, was dressed in a costume of Civil War days and sang some of the old time songs which were used on the program of the "Kinsman Band Concert." She was much pleased, and asked about the songs, and wanted a sketch of the Kinsman family, my grandfather in particular. So I am writing this little sketch and sending it to you for the *Michigan History Magazine*. I very frequently meet elderly people who say to me, "I've danced to your grandfather's music many times." It is with the thought of pleasing some of these old time friends that I have written it.

Saul Kinsman was born in Penn Yan, New York, in 1823 of English and Welsh parentage. He with his parents, brother and sisters came to Michigan in a very early day, when Detroit was a small country town. His father, being a strict Methodist, held a violin in much disrepute, and only upon young Saul's promise that he never would play in bar rooms (a custom much practiced in those days) was he allowed a violin, which he was so very anxious to learn to play on, a promise which he always kept.

He had some violin lessons in Detroit, and a little later the family moved to Ann Arbor, where he received a little more instructions on his beloved instrument. He soon learned to play well enough to furnish the music for dances for those early settlers, and went on foot with his violin under his arm from Ann Arbor to Eaton Rapids, getting jobs along the way.

At one time when running through the woods at night, head down, and violin under his arm, having started for some "clearing" where there was a peel bark house, he ran right into an Indian. He was only a boy and his heart was in his mouth, but the Indian, in a friendly voice said, "Boy needn't be scared. Indian whistle till boy get out of woods." Mr. Kinsman used to say that he wasn't long "getting out."

When 19 years of age he married Mary Ann Van Vorheis of Ann Arbor who was two years his junior; they settled on a farm near Milford. From then on, they moved to different places, Linden, Flushing, Chesaning, Pinckney, etc., keeping "tavern" in most of the places, but he always kept up his music, playing for dances, teaching dancing school, instructing bands and orchestras, etc. To them were born

seven children,—James who died of pneumonia contracted during the war when he was acting as a band leader, Mary who afterwards became Mrs. A. R. Gardner now deceased, Emma now Mrs. J. R. Gardner of Fowlerville, Mich., Helen, Mrs. Frank Beach of Fenton, Mich., William who died in 1823, Jennie now Mrs. A. B. Kinney of Milford, Mich., and Floyd, the youngest now in Charlotte, Mich.

After the war he organized his family, six children, and two sons-in-law, A. R. and J. R. Gardner, and toured Michigan and Ohio. This group contained the first ladies in Michigan to play (as an organization) band instruments; the oldest girl played cornet and led the band. They played in Lansing, Mason, St. Johns, Williamston, Fowlerville and many other places. I have in my possession a program of one their concerts given in Chésaning in 1871, consisting of solos, duets, quartets and band selections. It is printed with the old wooden type, and looks much different from the present day printing. There are also in the family many pieces of sheet music used in these concerts. The titles are much in contrast to the songs of our day: "Seamore Blair and Liberty," which, as its name indicates, was a campaign song; "Hannah, How's Your Ma?" being the expressions of a bashful swain,—the said type of swain also being rare in this day; "We'll Have to Mortgage the Farm,"—and many others much prized in the family.

The violin that Mr. Kinsman played on so many years has a very interesting history, having been made by an Italian violin maker in Alexandra, N. Y. in 1834 and bought by Mr. Kinsman's grandfather; it came into Mr. Kinsman's hands when he was a very young boy. It is now the property of Mr. J. R. Gardner of Fowlerville. There are only five grandchildren in the family: Mrs. C. D. Hamilton of Fowlerville and her sister Nell Gardner of the same place who is a music teacher and choir director; Ray Beach, Mrs. Cecile Stevens, and Boyd Kinsman, of Detroit; and one great-grandchild, Romaine G. Hamilton, who has inherited much of his great-grandfather's genius for the violin, and as the "Boy Violinist" has played and is still playing in many places in central Michigan doing recital and concert work. He has played twice for the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society in Lansing. He was formerly a pupil of Miss Irene Cooper of that city before her removal to Boston, Mass.

Mr. Kinsman died in 1901 at the age of 78 years.

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**T**O MR. FRED S. LAWRENCE of Lansing we are indebted for the following note on the life of his father:

Henry North Lawrence, for many years an honored member of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, died at his home in Lansing, on Monday, Jan. 20, 1919, from old age, being 92 years, 3 mos. and 11 days old. Mr. Lawrence was secretary-treasurer of the Lawrence & Van Buren Printing Co., and continued to perform the duties of accountant for that company faithfully and efficiently up to his 92nd birthday.

Mr. Lawrence was born in Genesee, New York, Oct. 9, 1826, of Christian parents,—Joseph Wm. Lawrence and Susan North Lawrence. With his parents and grandparents he removed to Michigan in 1837, settling in Branch County. They were among the very first settlers here and cleared their forest farms and built their log homes among the Indians, and forests of southern Michigan. He made a public profession of Christianity in 1839.

Mr. Lawrence told many interesting anecdotes of his pioneer experiences,—how his mother used to run the tallow candles each week for the home and church, and then he would take the family Bible to the church for worshippers.

In the Union School, in Jonesville, Michigan he finished his education. In those early days this was the celebrated school for Michigan. Afterwards he taught school in Hillsdale and other places. In 1853 he was working in Chicago, in the wholesale grocery business, and was married at California, Mich., Jan. 17, 1854, to Miss Mary Sumner Lathrop, daughter of Walter H. Lathrop and Emeline Sumner Lathrop. They first took up their residence in Palmyra, Michigan, for a time returning to Branch County in 1856, where he devoted his time to farming, and received the appointment as postmaster in 1861, under President Abraham Lincoln.

In the fall of 1862, Mr. Lawrence was elected county clerk of Branch County,—filling this office with credit for three successive terms. In January, 1869, he received appointment as assistant enrolling and engrossing clerk of the House of Representatives, and the following Legislature elected him as their enrolling and engrossing clerk, in which position he served for two years.

In May, 1871, he received appointment in the office of Commissioner of Insurance for Michigan under Hon. Samuel H. Row, and filled the position with honor and credit for about 20 years. During his incumbency of this office he together with Mr. Row formulated the standard fire insurance policy, which was adopted by the national

organization of Insurance Commissioners and known as the "Michigan Standard Policy." Mr. Lawrence served on the Lansing Board of Education for several years, and was instrumental in getting the city charter changed to allow of the creation of a city Public Library, and the employment of a paid librarian.

He was a man of sterling qualities, standing for those things which were always for the community's best interest and for civic improvement. An ardent Christian worker, he early established a Bible school among the colored people of Lansing, which was the start from which grew the African M. E. Church, now located on Pine Street in Lansing. He was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church for over fifty years, and represented this denomination in the National General Assembly which met in Kansas City, Mo. His works and influence will remain.

Mr. Lawrence was the father of ten children, six growing to maturity. His remains were placed beside his wife and children in Mount Hope cemetery, Jan. 23, 1919.

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**M**R. O. E. McCUTCHEON of Idaho Falls writes again about Senator Zach. Chandler. In a delightful letter to the Editor he says:

Another characteristic saying of Mr. Chandler's has occurred to me.

The explanatory observation should be made that after reconstruction was accomplished and the seceded states were restored to participation in the government, the Democrats advanced the argument that the Republican party had accomplished its mission; that the party had ostensibly been organized to prevent the further extension of slavery into the territories, but really for the purpose of freeing the slaves and, as that was an accomplished fact, the party having brought forth its fruit, it was really dead and ought to consent to decent burial and sarcastic allusions of an olfactory nature were made to emphasize the urgency of the suggested interment.

I am not quite sure when I heard Mr. Chandler discuss this argument, but conclude it was at the time of his re-election to the United States Senate by the Legislature of 1879. In the course of his remarks he said: "Why sir, the Democrat party has smelt worse than Lazarus did after he had been dead four days, for the last twelve years."

No character sketch of Mr. Chandler would be complete without reference to his extraordinary facial gymnastics. He had a way when speaking of rolling his eyes and "making faces" peculiarly his own

and wonderfully expressive and, after the accident in his Detroit residence when his face was severely burned and permanently scarred by a gas explosion, there was at times an almost ferocious aspect to his countenance.

One incident said to have happened in Detroit, of which I was not an eye witness, but which I received from one who was, is worthy of mention.

I am unable to state and have not the means at hand of determining when it occurred, but at least it was after the arrival of the congressmen from the reconstructed states, known at the time as the "Southern Brigadiers" had given the Democrats a strong majority in the House of Representatives at Washington and nearly, if not quite, had carried the Senate.

At some political gathering, perhaps a Lincoln Day banquet, Mr. Chandler was on for a speech. He came upon the platform and without a word of introduction, raised himself upon his toes and with his right hand lifted above his head he threw himself forward until his hand struck the floor in front of him, accompanying this movement with the exclamation: "The rebels have captured Washington." The word "Washington" being spoken as his hand grasped the carpet. It was described to me as a most dramatic scene.

I have always thought the most important public document, which Chandler assisted in producing, was the *Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War*, in which he worked in collaboration with Senator Ben Wade of Ohio.

It was at once a scathing review and denunciation of the operations of General McClellan as commander of the Army of the Potomac and was one of the potent forces in bringing about the retirement of that officer. This report was bitterly assailed as a political attack upon General McClellan, it being said at the time that the administration would not permit a Democratic general to be successful.

A crisis in Chandler's public life was his defeat for the Senate by the Legislature of 1875.

I was an interested looker on but an account of that would be a story by itself. I will tell you that sometime. You ask what I think was the climax of his career. The dramatic climax of Senator Chandler's career was, I think, his celebrated speech in the United States Senate against the removal of the disabilities of Jefferson Davis.

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**A**N INTERESTING EPISODE in Michigan newspaperdom, as well as in the career of Zachariah Chandler is related by Mr. J. W. Fitzgerald of St. Johns, in a letter in which he writes:

Dear Editor:

As you know, Michigan can boast of many men who became prominent and whose names whether in the index of statesmen or the professions, brought credit to themselves, as well as the State, during their useful careers. Among the number who became servants of the State as well as the Nation in high official position, was Zachariah Chandler. From the time the Republican party was formed in the city of Jackson in 1854, down to the date of his death, Nov. 1, 1879, he was an active worker for the betterment of his country both in civil life as well as in public office.

When the Republican party obtained control of the Legislature in 1856, there was a public demand for Zachariah Chandler to succeed General Lewis Cass as United States senator and the wishes of the people were carried out, Mr. Chandler taking his seat in the Senate on the 4th of March 1857, in which capacity he served nearly eighteen years.

President Lincoln was greatly impressed with the loyalty and vigor of speech of Chandler as a senator and at once a friendship sprang up between them, the senator being one of those from the Senate chamber he selected as an advisor on the conduct of the war.

Grant selected him for the Interior portfolio when he became president, and in that capacity he brought order out of chaos, leaving the department organized upon business principles. He possessed an active creative mind; a mind that was negative in nothing, but an intellect that was masterful over men; his manner and his speech if not always polished and oratorical was always convincing and it was because of that trait in his character that as a debater on the floor of the Senate, he was both feared and admired. He struck hard, but he struck openly and for this even his enemies admired him.

For many years after the Civil War the country was greatly trouble tossed; feeling between the North and the South was at high tension. The campaign of 1876 which was fought out by the two great parties, Hayes being the standard bearer of the Republican party and Tilden of the Democrat, resulted as you will remember in throwing the election into the hands of what was called "The Electoral Commission," a body formed by congress to pass upon the legality of the election, made up of seven Democrats and eight Republicans. The election

was given to Hayes in 1876. But the Democrats made a great gain in the lower House as well as electing some members to the Senate, and the party was so overjoyed at their success that some of the more jubilant members gave out that "Washington was captured at last."

Political feeling ran high; a search of the Record containing the proceedings of Congress during the years 1877-8, will indicate the tenseness held by the leaders of both parties during that period and which was shared alike by the people in their political alignment.

It was during some debates in the Senate, over granting political amnesty to some of the disbarred Southern confederates, including the late president of the seceding states, that Chandler made a speech couched in such loyal sentiment, and delivered with such hammer strokes against disloyalty and treason, that he drew all of the loyal senators to him and stirred the country to an awakening.

He was chosen as the National Chairman of the Republican party, and filled many engagements throughout the country making speeches in nearly all of the large centers; in fact he could not meet half the calls that were demanded of him. Because of his aggressiveness in supporting Lincoln in all measures that were deemed wise in prosecuting the war to a successful issue, and because it was his purpose to see loyal men occupy offices of trust in the Nation, his name was upon many lips as a presidential possibility in the approaching campaign of 1880.

Space forbids that I occupy more time informative of Senator Chandler, and the great service he rendered his country; to do so, and to do him the justice he deserves, would require a volume of large size. Some historian one of these days will do this and then the people of the Nation he loved, will better appreciate the man and his worth at an hour when our country was in peril.

In June 1879, in company with James W. Walsh, I established the *Clinton and Shiawassee Union*, at Ovid, Mich., Mr. Walsh remaining with me but a few months. I published the paper until December 1886, when I sold it out to the *Register* of the same place and it is published today under the name of *Register-Union*.

Filled with the zeal of a young editor, and feeling that the country needed a man of strong parts for the presidential nomination in 1880, and following a custom quite widely observed during those days, namely, nominating candidates for public favor through the columns of the newspapers, I decided to place my favorite in the race. An editorial was prepared and went into the columns of the *Union* the morning of Nov. 1st 1879. The press had just started to run off the edition when word came to me that Chandler was dead; had been



found in his bedroom at The Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, a short time after his passing. The press was stopped and information that would confirm the report sought by wire. An editorial written very hurriedly announcing his death was prepared, which together with the messages received were hurried into the forms, the paper put upon the streets and sent through the mails carrying the first message in print of the death of Zachariah Chandler, published in Michigan.

I am mailing you herewith a copy of that paper, forty-two years old, in which may be found the nominating editorial, article on his death, and the messages as stated above. I am sending it not because of the literary merit of the articles mentioned, because style in newspaper writing has very greatly changed in forty-two years, but because of the singular circumstance connected therewith, as well as the paper which carried both messages.

Sincerely Yours,

J. W. FITZGERALD.

[Extract from the *Clinton and Shiawassee Union*, Nov. 1, 1879]

For President of the United States in 1880, Zachariah Chandler  
Of Detroit, Michigan.

Subject to the Choice of the National Convention.

—o—

The highest office in the gift of the American people, should by right demand a candidate of the people; one whose broad, comprehensive, humane ideas of Government, embrace the recognition of equal rights, universal freedom and absolute protection for all men, before the majesty of the law.

A man who has the brain, heart and courage, to proclaim from the mountain top, that this Government, or sisterhood of states, is held together by something stronger than a sickly sentimentality, or a mere rope of sand. Who believes with a faith deep rooted, and as lasting as the hills, that the fathers who bequeathed us this glorious land of liberty, united these states under one flag, subject to the same power, and destined in the face of the civilized world, to stand or fall together, a Nation.

As a man who fitly represents these principles, who has raised his voice and reasoned like an intellectual giant in their defence; a man

who embodies justice, demands right, protects honesty, hates treason, loves liberty and rewards patriotism, the Union nominates for President of the United States in 1880,

Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan.

He has stood the fire of public service for twenty-five years with a character untarnished, an honor to his country, a true friend to its soldiers, ever faithful to his state, and above all, honest within himself. During the dark days of war when the ship of state was trouble tossed, when our National treasury had been plundered by men who sought the Nation's life, when our armies were discouraged, and the hearts of loyal people were heavy burdened and sore; when hope, fear, doubting, uncertainty and National death hung like a black cloud above us, the Sledge Hammer of Michigan, the giant Chandler, iron willed and steeled for the work before him, with faith in the Government and its flag, that had been purchased by blood; with an abundant faith in his countrymen and the justice of their cause, raised his voice in the senate of the United States, and there uttered those words of hope and encouragement which electrified the people, turned their doubting into faith, and kindled the fires of liberty anew upon a thousand hills. To day this man is the people's candidate; he is our first choice, and to the mast-head we nail for President in 1880, the name of

Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan.

As one of those tried veterans who occupied a seat in the Senate, Chandler during the years that the Nation was trouble tossed by war, and who to day is so familiar with every detail pertaining to our National existence; who so thoroughly understands the terrible cost in life and treasure that was poured out to save it, it is not surprising that the giant heel of Chandler was ready to crush the hydra head of revolution, state sovereignty, repudiation and disloyalty, that attempted to raise itself, when a Confederate congress claimed that Washington was captured at last. He throttled treason then and there, and has dared to do and say what the loyal people of the country believe; what they fought for; what they loaded their backs with debt for, and what if our government exists must be settled once and forever.

This is a Nation.

The war debt must and shall be paid, repudiators to the rear and honest men to the front.

Free speech, free press and complete protection of citizenship from Maine to the Pacific slope.

A free ballot, a fair count and down with buldozing and ruffianism.

A redeemable paper money with a coin basis.

The intelligent, industrious, law abiding and Union loving people of the United States stand to day upon the above platform, and as the man whose name heads this article is the very embodiment of those principles, we proclaim again, for President in 1880,

Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan.

He is not of Michigan alone, but of the United States and is hailed among the loyal masses from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as an honest patriot, a sturdy reliable statesman; a man of the people, and whatever fragment of republicanism may yet remain in the solid south, will arouse from its bed of mourning; from a grave uncovered, to battle for a man who if elected, would never desert them, but would demand their rights and crush the authors of their wrongs.

He is ripe in experience, thorough and business like, feared and hated by his enemies, but respected and admired by his friends; a profound thinker, a natural leader of men, a republican of republicans, whom millions of the American people would love to honor by elevating him to the Presidency. To that position he would bring a cool head and a humane heart, and to every department of the Government, that kind of business system, which practical common sense judgement would demand. His cabinet it is safe to say, would be composed of strong able men—the theoretical statesman, the vacillating, doubting, wavering, uncertain ones, who breed contempt for right and cater to the voice and smile at the song of every mob which organizes under the name of virtue, would find no sunshine for growth, nor soil for root, in the presence of Chandler. Give us "old hickory" for President and the loyalty of our people will be stronger, treason will become odious, capital will seek investment and new life will be given the Nation.

The situation of public affairs at the present time, demands that the next candidate for the presidency, be a man who is known throughout the length and breadth of the land; whose name will inspire confidence; whose presence will create enthusiasm; whose character can stand the light, and whose election will be a guarantee, that those who sacrificed their lives in defense of the Union, died not in vain. Of this stamp of statesmen there are but few indeed towards whom the common people can turn with faith, and from out the number, the name of Chandler the Senator, Chandler the Statesman, Chandler the patriot, clear of vision and iron willed—husband, father and friend, would sweep the land in 1880, like a mountain torrent from sea to sea.

[Extract from the *Clinton and Shiawassee Union* of same date, printed on receipt of the news of Chandler's death]

### Chandler is Dead.

—o—

We stop the press to announce that the man whom we have editorially nominated to day for the Presidency, is dead.

The stately oak of the forest has fallen.

The man whom millions admired.

The true and trusted leader of loyal men.

The giant towards whom the Nation was looking with faith, is no more.

His great heart which was for liberty and the right, has forever been stilled in death.

His sudden passing is a calamity that will fall like a pall upon the people of the country he loved.

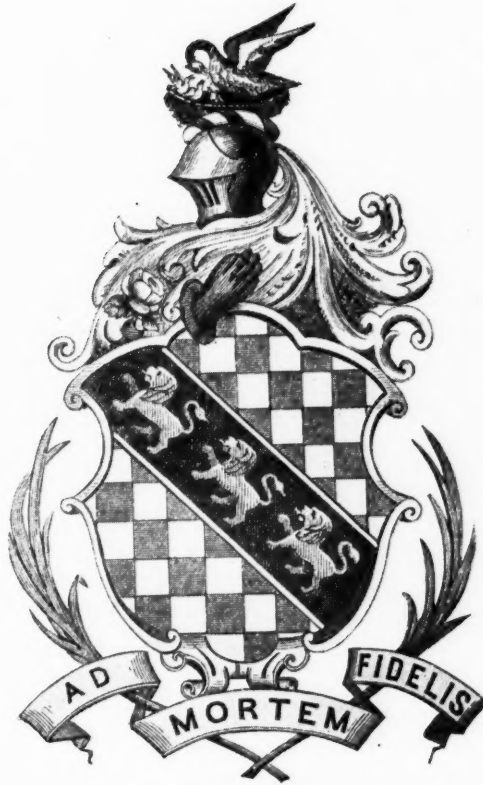
A Nation will mourn his loss.

The shock is one that will bring sorrow deep and lasting to the homes of the common people as nothing else has done, since the fall of the martyred Lincoln.

Fallen in his greatness; gone in the full ripeness and strength of a well rounded life. Over his confined remains will thousands weep, because their grief for this nobleman of nature will be greater than they can bear.

To Chandler the fallen let us not pay tribute in sounding words, but in fitting deeds; as his voice rang out the warning of the years to come, let us now be guided by the councils of his life, which remain.

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Chandler Coat of Arms

**T**HE COAT OF ARMS of the Chandler Family here given was prepared by Miss Fanny Chandler, from an original obtained from the Herald's College, London, by the Rev. Thomas Bradbury Chandler, D.D., of Elizabeth Town, N. J., when he was there in 1775.

The crest borne on the closed helmet above the Coat of Arms is that of the Pelican in her nest wounding her breast to feed her young with her own blood—an emblem of parental affection expressive of the family motto, "Ad mortem fidelis."



The children of William Chandler Jr. were:

(Mary Dane, his wife)

- I. Mary, born in Andover, July 5, 1659; married Sept. 30, 1691, John Sherwin, of Ipswich, Mass.
- II. William born Jan. 31, 1661, married Dec. 28, 1682, Sarah Buckminster.
- III. Sarah, born Jan. 29, 1662, died May 12, 1668.
- IV. Thomas, born 1663.
- V. John, born 1665, died Dec. 28, 1681.
- VI. Philemon, born Aug. 24, 1667, died May 6, 1668.
- VII. Thomas, 2d. born March 2, 1668, died Oct. 6, 1670.
- VIII. Philemon, 2d, born Sept. 4, 1671, married first, Hannah Clary; married second May 2, 1759, Mrs. Patience Griggs, of Woodstock, Conn.
- IX. Hannah, born Feb. 5, 1673, married Nathaniel Robbins, of Charlestown.
- X. Thomas, 2d, "Junr" born Dec. 5, 1676, in Andover, married Mary Stevens.
- XI. Joseph, born 1679.
- XII. Phebe, born Sept. 17, 1680; married June 4, 1708, Jonathan Tyler.
- XIII. Joseph, 2d, born July 17, 1682; married in Andover, June 10, 1708, Mehitable Russell.
- XIV. Rhoda, born Sept. 26, 1684; married April 19, 1705, Timothy Holt.

3

WILLIAM CHANDLER

William Chandler, born Jan. 31, 1661,  
married Dec. 28, 1682, Sarah Buckminster,  
died Oct. 27, 1727.

The children of William Chandler and Sarah Buckminster were:

- I. Josiah, born Dec. 28, 1683; married Feb. 27, 1707, Sarah Ingals.
- II. Philemon, born May 15, 1690; married Jan. 17, 1717, Elizabeth Rogers of Billerica.
- III. Sarah born March 13, 1693; married November 15, 1713, John Dane.
- IV. Zachariah, born May 1, 1695; married in Roxbury, Jan. 18, 1715-16, Margaret Bishop.



## 4

## ZACHARIAH CHANDLER

Zachariah Chandler, born May 1, 1795,  
 married Jan. 18, 1715, Margaret Bishop  
 Died about 1749.

The children of Zachariah Chandler and Margaret Bishop  
 Chandler his wife were:

- I. Thomas, born at Roxbury, Dec. 7, 1716, married Hannah Goffe.
- II. Margaret, born at Roxbury, Jan. 4, 1718; died Jan. 9, 1725.
- III. Sarah, born at Roxbury, Jan. 22, 1720, died Jan. 7, 1725.
- IV. Mary, born at Roxbury, March 20, 1724; married in Roxbury,  
 March 12, 1745, John Lowder, died, Dec. 10, 1792.
- V. Zachariah, born at Roxbury, Oct. 24, 1727; died Jan. 19, 172 (?)  
 8-9
- VI. Margaret, baptised April 15, 1730; married Nov. 6, 1753, Thomas  
 Hake, of Boston.
- VII. William, born Nov. 2, 1731.
- VIII. Hannah.
- IX. Abigail.
- X. Zachariah.

## 5

## THOMAS CHANDLER.

Thomas Chandler, born Dec. 7, 1716,  
 married Hannah Goffe,  
 died 1752.

The children of Thomas Chandler and Hannah (Goffe) Chandler,  
 his wife were:

- I. Peggy; married in Brookline, Mass., 16 Sept. 1764, Richard Ward.
- II. Hannah, born Dec. 1746; married Dec. 1763, Capt. Stephen Pea-  
 body.
- III. Sally; married January 24, 1769, Enos Bradford.
- IV. Zachariah, born May 28, 1751; married in Amherst, N. H., 1771,  
 Sarah Patten.

## 6

## ZACHARIAH CHANDLER

Zachariah Chandler, born May 28, 1751,  
married in 1771, Sarah Patten,  
died April 20, 1830.

The children of Zachariah Chandler and Sarah (Patten) Chandler  
his wife were:

- I. Thomas, born Aug. 10, 1772; married Nov. 26, 1793, Susanna McAfee.
- II. Samuel, born May 28, 1774, married Nov. 11, 1800, Margaret Orr.
- III. Sarah, died Oct. 15, 1853, aged 72, in Bedford, unmarried.

## 7

## SAMUEL CHANDLER.

Samuel Chandler, born May 28, 1774,  
married Nov. 11, 1800, Margaret Orr,  
died January, 1870.

The children of Samuel Chandler and Margaret (Orr) Chandler  
his wife were:

- I. Mary Jane, born Jan. 23, 1802, died May 17, 1881, in Manchester, New Hampshire, married, first, Sept. 20, 1825, to Rev. Cyrus Downs; married, second, July 8, 1828, Rev. David P. Smith; married, third, Samuel Lee, of New Ipswich, N. H.
- II. Caroline, born Sept. 23, 1804, died Sept. 11, 1805.
- III. Annis, born Aug. 15, 1806, died Oct. 11, 1858, married Sept. 2, 1830, Franklin Moore, Esq., of Detroit, Mich.
- IV. Catherine, born Sept. 22, 1808, married January 11, 1838, John Adams Jr.
- V. Samuel Jr. born July 5, 1811, died March 21, 1835.
- VI. Zachariah, born Dec. 10, 1813; married Dec. 10, 1844, Letitia Grace Douglass.
- VII. John Orr, born January 1, 1816, died January 23, 1839.

## 8

## ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.

Zachariah Chandler, born Dec. 10, 1813,  
married Dec. 10, 1844, Letitia Grace  
Douglass,  
died November 1, 1879.

The third and only child of Zachariah Chandler and Letitia Grace  
(Douglass) Chandler that lived was:

- I. Mary Douglass Chandler, born May 2, 1848, married Hon. Eugene  
Hale, of Ellsworth, Maine, December 20, 1871.

## 9

## MARY DOUGLASS CHANDLER.

Mary Douglass Chandler, born May 2, 1848,  
married Dec. 20, 1871, Hon. Eugene  
Hale, of Ellsworth, Maine.

The children of Mary Douglass Chandler Hale and Hon. Eugene  
Hale are:

- I. Chandler Hale, born at Washington, D. C., March 2, 1873, married  
Rachel Burnside Cameron, Sept. 15, 1897.
- II. Frederick Hale, born at Detroit, Michigan, Oct. 7, 1874.
- III. Eugene Hale, Jr., born at Washington, D. C., March 1, 1876,  
married Eunice Terry, of New York, Nov. 15, 1906.

## 10

## CHANDLER HALE

Chandler Hale, born March 2, 1873,  
married Rachel Burnside Cameron, Sept. 15,  
1897.

The children of Chandler Hale and Rachel Burnside Cameron, his  
wife are:

- I. Chandler Hale Jr., born at Ellsworth, Maine, July 17, 1898.
  - II. Donald Cameron Hale, born Jan. 2, 1902.
  - III. Mary Cameron Hale, born July 4, 1904.
  - IV. Eugene Hale 3rd. born March 26, 1906.
-

**I**N MARCH the newly organized Michigan State Archeological Society held its second meeting at Ann Arbor; on the 27th and 28th of this month the Central Section of the American Anthropological Society and the American Oriental Society held joint meetings at the University and the Archeological Society planned to hold their meeting at the same time in order that the members might have an opportunity of hearing the papers at the sessions of these national organizations.

On the evening of the 27th, a meeting of the Executive Board of the Archeological Society was held in Dr. Hinsdale's office. All the officers were present. The principal business transacted was the official approval of holding open the charter of the Society until Dec. 31, 1924. Everyone joining the organization before that date will be considered a charter member.

The first person to take out a life membership in the society was Mr. Fred Edinger, of Three Oaks who sent in his dues at this time. Michael Williams, Secretary of the Pokagon Band of Potawatamies, residing at Sodus, was elected an Honorary member, the first in the Society.

The matter of the making of fraudulent archeological artifacts came up, as a report was received that such material was being fabricated in the State. The Committee decided to recommend to the Society that a bill to penalize such practices be introduced in the Legislature of Michigan; also that a bill, similar to the one on the Ohio statutes, be fathered by the Society, placing the State's antiquities under more close control of the State.

A discussion of means of securing the publication of Dr. Hinsdale's book, *An Introduction to Michigan Archeology*, brought out many suggestions for securing aid. Since the meeting, it has been learned that the University of Michigan will publish the work as one of its bulletins.

Pres. Fox, as Chairman of the Executive Committee adjourned the meeting, and immediately thereafter convoked

a meeting of the Committee on State Survey of which by Constitutional provision, the President of the Society also is chairman. Six members of the committee were present and four absent.

A general discussion of ways and means as to the best methods of obtaining information on a survey of the ancient remains of the State resulted in the adoption of a plan whereby it was hoped to do much preliminary work the present season. The Secretary was instructed to prepare four copies of reports on different counties; these were to show as many sites and their locations as possible. One copy was to be sent to some member in each county, to have this information checked up as to accuracy; and other sites which the surveyor might discover were to be added. One copy was to go to the president, one to Dr. Hinsdale as archeologist of the University and the other was to be retained by the Secretary. It was thus believed that the work could be undertaken and many locations made, even in this, the beginning of the operations of the Michigan State Archeological Society.

The session for Friday March 28th, was called to order at 10.00 A. M. by Pres. Fox, in Dr. Hinsdale's office. The Secretary reported on the Membership and the Funds. Mr. Chas. E. Morrison, Chairman of the Committee on Public and Private Collections sent in an excellent report of the beginning of his work, listing many collections.

In discussing the report of the Executive Committee which was referred to the Society for action, Dr. W. C. Mills, Director of the Ohio Archeological and Historical Society, who was present, was called upon for information and advice. He outlined the legislation which was on the statute books in Ohio relative to the ancient remains and the archeology of that State. Ohio has a bill permitting the State to take over property on which are archeological remains, by condemnation proceedings. He told of attempted "holdups" in the price of such land; when such were attempted he said that the Ohio

Society gave the owners two or more years to think it over. The Archeological survey of Ohio as embodied in the published Atlas of the Society, he said, took sixteen years for completion. Large maps were found to be impractical both in office and in the field; county maps, of the size of a page of the atlas were finally decided upon, and one for each county was prepared. Result: the Atlas.

In Ohio, he said, there are upwards of 400 collectors. The Society has an itemized record of each collection in the State. This recorded data is of great value as it has enabled the Society to trace the two great cultures. Spine-back stones are found in but three counties in Ohio; the deduction is that they were made by a particular people; spools also are found only in certain counties.

They have a large collection of photographs. In addition to their value for records, he finds that newspapers are glad to get them for illustrating news items. This information given to the public creates a very material community interest in archeology. Ross County has five hundred mounds and more are being identified. They find it necessary constantly to interview different people for new information.

Dr. Mills gave a brief summary of the history of the exploration of the Ohio Mounds. In speaking of the Mound City Group where recent work was done, he said, "This group was examined by Squier and Davis. They found two hundred pipes in a mound. Shortly before the World War, it was decided that the Society should examine a group of Mounds just a few miles north of Chillicothe. This group, known as the Mound City Group, through plans of the Governor and the Attorney General, was to be condemned. The World War began and the Government took over the land with these mounds for a Cantonment." Dr. Mills immediately got in touch with the engineers laying out the camp and they agreed to build around the mounds, and to preserve them as far as possible. After the war, the group having been made

a park of 57½ acres, excavation was commenced. One remarkable feature of this work was the finding of sixteen copper pieces laying on the surface of one of the mounds which had been overlooked by the thousands of soldiers encamped there during the war period.

In regard to interest in archeology in Ohio, Dr. Mills stated: "The interest is general throughout the State. At the Serpent Mound Park, during 1923, over 8,000 persons visited this effigy who registered, and probably an equal number who did not register. This, in spite of the fact that the mound is eight miles from a railroad, and reached by a very indifferent highway."

The place and time for the next meeting of the Michigan Society was discussed. It probably will be held some time late in August, at Grand Rapids. The business meeting then adjourned to inspect the huge copper effigy—an Indian Head—on display in the Natural Science Building.

On the afternoon of the 28th, the meeting for hearing papers was called to order by Vice-President Ford at two o'clock, in Dr. Hinsdale's office. He introduced Pres. Fox, who talked on "The State Survey of Archeological Remains." Mr. Fox brought out the fact that the general apathy of the public toward archeology was because of the belief that it did not pay in dollars and cents. In refutation of this belief he cited incidents where archeology had paid, and paid well. He also called attention to the interest tourists have in ancient remains, a fact of vital interest to those who prosper by tourist trade.

"The work of our State survey committee," he said, "should have the support of all members. All information should be forwarded to the secretary. This the secretary should classify by counties, and send to members in each county all data relative to it. The mounds and earthworks located should be examined, surveyed and platted by local representatives of the society, but the exploration should be done by someone



with expert knowledge. In regard to exploration, he dwelt on the importance of saving everything found, and the keeping of a record showing the relative positions of the finds. He suggested that casts be made of any cavities found. He favored discouraging promiscuous excavation by unskilled hands.

Mr. Fox then took the Chair, and Prof. R. Clyde Ford, Chairman of the Folklore Committee spoke on "The Folklore of Michigan."

In outlining sources of information on the legends of the Indians, Mr. Ford said that much had been lost by the failure of the pioneers to preserve such as came to them. The work of Henry R. Schoolcraft and his wife, of Indian descent, made the greatest contributions to present knowledge of legends and folklore of the Indian.

In the *Jesuit Relations* much data along this line is buried. The early priests were not only in close contact with the Indians but in sympathy with them, which enabled them to obtain legends held sacred by the Indians. The traders had neither the confidence of the Indian, nor the inclination to preserve folklore. In addition to the *Relations*, the volumes of the *Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections* contain valuable contributions. Mr. Ford told of the legend of "The Arbutus." This originally, he stated, was of Iroquoian origin and was adopted by the Chippewa. In regard to new material, he said that some might be obtained from Indians of the present day; that much material was in the hands of those who have made a study of Indian Folklore, such as Father Wm. Gagnieur, L. A. Chase, Miss Florence McClenchy, and A. S. Draper. He also dwelt on the fact that nothing ever had been done in a study of the Indian Secret Society in Michigan.

Fred Dustin gave an able talk on "The Archeology of the Saginaw Valley." He described the terrain and drainage area of the district and showed that this was a favorite haunt of the Indian. Mr. Dustin said his studies inclined him to

believe that this was the largest cultural area in the State. He spoke of the various mounds, village-sites, etc., on the Saginaw River up to the mouth of the Tittabawassee at Green Point. At this point are two large mounds. A vast amount of material was found here. He told of finds on the Tittabawassee River. Fine chert implements were discovered. On this stream is the supposed battlefield where the Sauks were exterminated. Eleven skeletons were plowed up in a single field. Very fine pottery pipes were found here. He estimated that 25,000 specimens were found on the Tittabawassee. The remains on Cass River indicate a different culture. Instead of chert being the predominating material, many sandstone objects are found. Mr. Dustin thought this district was occupied by the ancient Hurons. On the river flats near Frankenmuth were two low sand mounds from which many weapons were taken. The pelvic bone of a boy was found penetrated by an arrow point. Near Bridgeport on this river in the Andres mound was found an urn two feet in height. When the interurban cut cut through the mound a great quantity of pottery fragments, including over three hundred tops to vessels, were found. In a forest a little farther up stream twenty corn pits have been located.

Mr. Alvah L. Sawyer of Menominee read a paper on "Archeology of the Northern Peninsula." This field, archeologically, practically is untouched. Mr. Sawyer outlined the geology of the region and told of the shore lines of ancient lakes. Evidences of early man may be found there. He described two mounds twenty miles north of Menominee now submerged by a dam. A vivid description of the Great Sturgeon War, which occurred within the present site of Menominee, was given. The victims of the war were buried there. The first frame house in the city was built on this battlefield. In excavating the cellar, twenty feet square, sixteen skeletons were found. This place he considered a good field for research. Several years ago while digging a grave, a cache of fine copper

implements was found and secured by Mr. Sawyer and a friend. These implements now are in the Field Museum.

One of the Indian methods of hunting deer was by means of a "game fence." Such a one he described running from the shore of Bay de Noquette, north of Escanaba, northerly for several miles through the woods. It was built by felling trees so as to create a framework. This was stuffed with brush and small trees, making it too dense for deer and bear to pass. An occasional opening was left for game and there the hunters stationed themselves.

Mr. Sawyer told of the site of an old trading post, of many Indian camp and village sites, Indian trails and of garden beds. One location of these beds has a very important bearing on the present boundary dispute between Michigan and Wisconsin.

The story is that years ago when fierce wars were raging between the Sioux and Chippewas, the Chippewas sent their families into this remote interior country with its hundreds of beautiful lakes and there they lived and cultivated their gardens until the war was over, when most of them returned to their abodes on Lake Superior. From that time on the country was called by the Indians 'Ka-ta-kit-e-gad Country;' that is, the country of the old deserted farms. Chief Go-gol-gas-waw, over one hundred years old, told how the name Lac Vieux Desert came to be applied. His grandfather told him that many years ago while the latter was chief, a Frenchman lived for a time on an island in the lake and gave it the name Lac Vieux Desert, meaning the lakes of the old deserted places or farms.

Suffice it to say that the description of Michigan's boundary embodies a lake at the head of the main channel of the Montreal River therein called and known as one of "the lakes of the Desert," as someone has translated the words.

A Government Engineer went in to survey the boundary. He had an erroneous map showing a large lake called Lac

Vieux Desert as the common source of the Montreal and the Menominee rivers. When he reached this lake he expected he would be at the head of the Montreal. As it was said to be 'eight days travel by an Indian without a pack' (it being sixty miles) from there to the head of the Montreal, he reported that the Michigan-Wisconsin boundary line was an 'impossible' line; and that is one of the main causes of the present trouble, though far from the only cause.

Perhaps this little historical incident will lend added interest to our mission and encourage us to search out and preserve some of these garden beds and perpetuate them as evidence of a reminder of the Indian method of living.

Dr. W. C. Mills, of Ohio, gave a further talk on methods and means of carrying on the work in Ohio. Their experience will be of value to the Michigan Society in avoiding some of the mistakes made in Ohio.

Edw. J. Stevens, Secretary-Treasurer of the Society spoke on the sources of information in making county maps. Among the chief and most reliable sources are the Field Notes of the United States Deputy-Surveyors who laid out the county. Often very complete information on Indian trails, village sites and mounds, trading-posts and earthworks are described. These records generally are in the county office of the Register of Deeds, though sometimes found in the possession of the County Surveyor.

Mr. H. L. Ward, of the Kent Scientific Museum of Grand Rapids gave a talk. He said that the archeological material in that museum was as yet unclassified, but that it contained some very valuable material. The Coffinberry manuscript on the Archeology of Kent County, was among this material. Mr. Ward gave a new theory on intaglio mounds. He said that in Wisconsin before a mound was constructed, the earth was excavated at the location, and that the stripped areas, now known as intaglios, were the unfinished mounds. He also gave some data on Mexican Archeology where he was connected

with the Mexican National Museum from 1887 to 1891.—Reported by Sec'y. Edw. J. Stevens, 615 Melrose St., Kalamazoo.

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**T**O THE MEMBERS MICHIGAN STATE ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY,

Greeting:

Have you visited recently any of the mounds, earthworks, village sites, trails or other evidence of prehistoric and Indian occupancy of the region near your home? If not, now is a good time to make a trip. Then write the Secretary of what you found.

\*

Harry L. Spooner of Fremont, is at work on an archeological map of Newaygo County. He also is investigating a group of mounds in Lake County just north of the Newaygo County line and another group of seven mounds in Oceana County near the county line.

\*

Henry McConnell of Walloon Lake furnishes very valuable data relative to the exact location in the City of Grand Rapids, of the Detroit Trail and the St. Joseph Trail. If all members were as prompt in sending information as Mr. McConnell, the Society's Trail map of the State soon would be filled.

\*

Through the diligence of Chas. E. Morrison of Williamston,

Chairman of the Committee on Public and Private Collections, the Society now has a list of eighty of the collections of the State; a fine showing! It is of prime importance that all collections should be listed, for an inventory of their contents is needed to assist in archeological research. If Mr. Morrison has not communicated with you, and you have a collection, send him your name and the nature of your specimens. Also send in the names of others you know to have archeological material.

\*

The Woman's Study Club of Climax on May 30 dedicated a boulder with an appropriate bronze tablet on the site of the elliptical earthworks found by the early settlers of Climax. This work was surveyed by Frances Hodgeman at an early date. It was 330 feet long and 210 wide. The address at the dedication was given by Prof. Smith Burnham of Kalamazoo. Mrs. T. E. Sinclair is President, and Mrs. Melvin Scramlin is Chairman of the Historical Committee of the Club. The monument was financed under the law brought before the Legislature by Chas. W. Weissert, one of our members, whereby Supervisors may appropriate \$200 a year for markers for historical sites.

\*

Mr. Fred Dustin of Saginaw is continuing the collection of data for a map of the Saginaw District. Through the courtesy of the University Museum he has been furnished with large scale maps of the region. Mr. Dustin's work is exceptionally difficult as the valley of the Saginaw has, within historic times, witnessed three migrations of the Indian, and doubtless several others occurred in prehistoric times. Saginaw County, with the exception of one county, has the largest

number of members in our society in the state. Eleven collections are listed as from this county.

\*

Donald O. Boudeman of Kalamazoo has one of the finest archeological collections in the State. In May this collection was visited by our President, Geo. R. Fox, and in June by Dr. W. B. Hinsdale of the Michigan University Museum, who is a Trustee of our society. Dr. Hinsdale and his assistant, Mr. Vreland, photographed many representative specimens, these to be used in illustrating Dr. Hinsdale's book on Michigan Archeology. Mr. Boudeman is deserving of great credit for the time and money spent in making this collection.

\*

Dr. Hinsdale has already visited many sections of the State this summer and has collected a great amount of information relative to the Archeology of Michigan. In addition to completing the collection of illustrations for his new book, which will be published as a University of Michigan Bulletin, he expects to complete a survey of the earthworks in Missaukee County. These earthworks and many Indian pits are in Aetna Township, twelve miles southeast of Lake City.

\*

In July Mr. Henry Ford gave to the University Museums the exclusive use of a Ford touring car for the department of Archeology. Dr. Hinsdale says, "This will enable us to knock about the State during the summer and fall checking up localities and objects in the field that will facilitate very materially the preliminary work of the general survey." Dr. Hinsdale will have next year a full time assistant. Also, the Alumni



Association has made a very liberal monetary grant to Dr. Hinsdale for work in archeology. It is believed this grant will be annual.

\*

The Coffinbury manuscripts on Michigan Archeology have been discovered in the Kent Scientific Museum at Grand Rapids. Dr. H. L. Ward has performed a great service to the archeology of the State by making these available, having loaned them to the University Museum where they are being arranged and transcribed. Dwight L. Coffinbury was born at Lancaster, Ohio, in 1807. In 1836 he became a member of the Civil Engineers' Corps of Ohio. In 1844 he went to St. Joseph, Michigan, four years later removing to Grand Rapids, becoming the first Civil Engineer of that city. From that date until the Civil War he surveyed state roads and lands. And being interested in the antiquities, he carefully noted all he saw. During the Civil War he served as Captain of Company C, First Michigan Engineers and Mechanics. He was one of the early members of the Lyceum of Grand Rapids. This was superseded by the Lyceum of Natural History which later became the Kent Scientific Museum. Mr Coffinbury served as President of this society and for years was the chairman of its committee on archeology. He made many explorations in this line and not only collected many valuable specimens, but kept scientific notes on his discoveries. Many of his specimens now are in the Peabody Institute. His contributions to Michigan archeology rank with those of Schoolcraft, Whittlesey and Harlan Smith. Mr Coffinbury died in 1889.

\*

Geo. R. Fox, the President of the Society, spent some weeks in the late winter, exploring the mounds of Louisiana. The

results were embodied in a paper given before the annual meeting of the American Anthropological Association at Ann Arbor. This paper brought forcibly to your Secretary's attention the fact that in order to get the whole story of Michigan archeology it is necessary that a comparative study be made of cultures in other localities. Many of our cultures may have come from surrounding districts. The Siouan migration is a very good example of what sometimes happens.

\*

H. C. Shetrone of the Ohio State Archeological Society, before the Anthropological Association's meeting in Ann Arbor last March, gives credit to Michigan for having furnished the largest piece of silver ever taken from a mound in the United States. This was found near Grand Rapids. The Coffinbury Manuscript describes the opening of this mound, and what was found therein.

\*

The April number of the Michigan History Magazine gave to our Society nearly eight pages of space. The Constitution is printed in full, with an account of the organization meeting held in Lansing in January, 1924. Our Society is much indebted to the Michigan Historical Commission for carrying our proceedings. All members who are not now subscribers to the magazines are urged to become such. At the nominal fee of \$1.00 for the magazine for a year, not only will each member receive full information as to Michigan archeology and collections but each number is filled with historical data of great interest.

\*

The Secretary here takes occasion to remind many of those

who have sent in membership cards but not their dues, to get on the job and mail the check (\$1.00) for the year 1924. While the society is getting along finely, it needs all the financial assistance possible, and those in arrears, as a matter of interest, should send in their dues. This field—of archeology—is intensely interesting but it cannot be run without the sinews of war. Also, all who join the organization before January 1, 1925, will be considered charter members. Ask your friends to join, or send their names or those of others interested in archeology to the Secretary.

EDW. J. STEVENS, Secretary-Treasurer,  
615 Melrose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.  
GEORGE R. FOX, President,  
Three Oaks, Michigan.

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**T**HE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION held in Grand Blanc, Genesee County, on June 17, under the auspices of the Central Michigan Historical Society, was an event long to be remembered. Mr. C. E. Parsons and his corps of helpers were ably assisted by Nature's forces, who brought to them an ideal day in which their program was successfully carried out.

On the spacious lawn, where R. W. Stevens erected the first dwelling in Grand Blanc one hundred years ago, under the shade of trees of prodigious size, whose age is long past the century mark, were gathered several hundred interested people from various parts of central Michigan. Here where Flags were flying in the breeze, the chief point of interest was a huge wild cherry tree wound with red, white and blue bunting, beneath whose branches stood the little cabin of the first owner, who lighted his home fire there in 1824.

The Fenton Band added to the enthusiasm with inspiring music, so that no depressing silences were felt. Mr. C. E.

Parsons, chairman for the day, who spent six years in China as a missionary, is an enthusiastic student of Michigan history, particularly the region surrounding Grand Blanc, which enabled him to throw much light on the different topics introduced during the day. After calling the meeting to order, the audience sang America, led by the band, after which Mr. Parsons welcomed the guests, and told that all were invited to make this opening event of so much interest that the work would be continued through the years to come; and at the close of the day's program, a committee was appointed to look after this work of the society.

Mrs. Franc L. Adams, of Mason, Mich., brought greetings from the State Historical Society, which she represented for the day, and told of the many instructive addresses which were given at the annual meeting of the society held in Lansing in May. She mentioned also some of the outstanding lines of work in different counties, and the pleasing results they brought.

W. V. Smith of Flint gave an address, with "Marking Historical Spots" as his subject. Mr. Smith is well acquainted with Indian history, being an adopted member of one Michigan tribe. He first described the surrounding country as it was 400 years ago, when the Saginaw Indians roamed the forests and trod the Saginaw trail, which is now known as the "Dixie Highway," a name, which in his judgment should never have been given to the trail named centuries ago. Saginaw means "The people who win out of the land," and he thought these people had won the right to have this highway, which is built on the pathway made by their feet, called the "Saginaw Trail" as a memorial to these early dwellers of the forest. Mr. Smith expressed such deep feeling in regard to the gross misnomer that his hearers all felt that to change from "Dixie Highway" to the original name was a thing to be recommended.

Like all Indian tribes as they traveled from place to place,

the Saginaws followed the high places in making their trails, and the picturesqueness of the present highway as it winds around the beautiful little lakes that dot the landscape, and along the moraines that skirt the swamps and marshes, is so pleasing that one forgets the crooked path worn deep by the footsteps of many generations. They followed the line of least resistance, while we of later days have learned to conquer what to the red-men were unsurmountable obstacles.

Only a few years before the first settlement in Grand Blanc a member of Congress called Michigan a country not worth surveying, declaring that not one acre in a hundred would be worth the trouble.

John Hamilton, a soldier of 1812, after being mustered out at Detroit, followed this old trail to Birmingham, and the part he took in helping settle that part of the country stands out conspicuously in local history.

"Our best lessons," said Mr. Smith, "were those taught us by the pioneers," to whom he paid high tribute.

He told of the fort which was erected at Grand Blanc after the treaty made by Lewis Cass. Much dissatisfaction was felt among the Indians concerning this treaty, and fearing there might be an outbreak among the tribes, the settlers built the fort where they could stand their ground in case of need.

Many freak words were formed through the intercourse of the French and Indians, and Grand Blanc, meaning "white man," is one of these. So intermingled did the French and Indian language become, that the Indian word of greeting has been entirely lost, said Mr. Smith.

It was in 1824, one hundred years ago, that the soldiers from the fort widened the Saginaw trail to form a highway; fords, log bridges, corduroy causeways and mud were the principal features of that road, with travelers driving ox teams few and far between, where today is seen concrete and

gravel accommodating a congested traffic, which 100 years ago no one even dreamed of.

Mr. Smith closed his address by thanking the chairman for allowing him the privilege of speaking to such a representative audience, as he stood beneath the very trees where was erected the little cabin which housed the first white people who settled in central Michigan.

Mrs. Irene Pomeroy Shields of Bay City, a woman who has done much for Bay County along historical lines, told of her pleasure in being present at the first centennial gathering in central Michigan, and hoped that every item of history concerning those early days would be preserved for the use of future generations. Unless this was done now, she said, those early events would soon be lost in obscurity, and data so valuable in the history of the section would be gone forever, to the great loss of this third regional center.

During the noon hour some went to the picnic grounds one mile away, on Thread Creek, where once stood an Indian village, and viewed the site of the first school house, and an Indian burying ground, where some relics had been unearthed. On the way Grand Blanc's new consolidated school building was passed, which is the outgrowth of the first little school of primitive days, and one of the notable features of the day was watching 300 or more children being loaded into the "fleet" of motor vehicles, enroute for their homes at the close of school.

At the opening of the afternoon session 400 school children from the grades, marched onto the centennial grounds and filled the air with the sweet, childish music of their voices as they sang "America."

The history of the churches of Grand Blanc was of great interest. I. C. Atherton told of the Baptist church, which was the first to organize in 1833, with 24 members. Their church edifice was completed and dedicated in 1851.

Rev. Benjamin of the Congregational church told of its

beginning, when services were held two and one-half miles from Grand Blanc down the Saginaw trail. The organization was 91 years old in July. He told how one woman used to walk five miles every prayer-meeting night, and said if it had been in this day and age, "it would have made a story for the papers, and they would have had her picture on the same page with that of Lydia Pinkham."

Mrs. Perry told of the first school house (mentioned above) which was built by Edmund Perry, who came in 1824, and filed on land in 1826. This first school house was not built of logs, but Mr. Perry drew lumber thirty miles to his farm out on Thread River, where on a small hill he erected, what to us would seem a crude little building, but to them seemed quite imposing. It boasted of three windows on each side, and had a platform and desk inside. Mrs. Perry also exhibited a teacher's certificate made in 1848. Charles Perry of Clare told of the Perry family, whose members were among the first to settle in the Grand Blanc region, and of the farm still known as the Perry farm, where some of Edmund Perry's descendants still live.

Homer Buck, postmaster in Bay City, was called to the platform to talk on "Early Postoffices." He began with the post-riders of early days, though many times they walked instead of riding. He lauded the United States as he traced its postal service from its small beginning down to the perfect system of today. He told of the first postal service which was in China centuries ago, when 300,000 horses were employed in conveying messages for the Emperor, and as there must be highways on which to carry mail, the postal system and good roads systems may be said to have come down to us hand in hand.

Mrs. Downing of Bay City urged that "all consider the spirit of the pioneers and then consider what they had hoped we would carry out."

Mrs. Adams was again called to the platform to tell of the



work in Ingham County, where she has for nine years been the secretary of the Ingham County Pioneer and Historical Society, and also to tell of the *Pioneer History of Ingham County* which she has compiled. "I have received new thoughts for work from you today," said she, "and in turn I hope I have dropped a thought germ, which may prove beneficial to you."

As the crowd turned from the historic grounds beneath the trees, each one must have carried home some conception of what the past hundred years has meant in Michigan history. —Reported by Mrs. Franc L. Adams, Mason.

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THE 43d ANNUAL PICNIC of the Grand Traverse Old Settlers Association was held at Northport on June 25, 1924. This association comprises the counties of Emmet, Charlevoix, Antrim, Kalkaska, Grand Traverse, Benzie and Leelanau. The picnic was held in the little park in the center of the town, the old homestead of the Wm. Voice family. The day was beautiful and the delegates and visitors came in large numbers. Tables and chairs were prepared for the picnickers, but owing to a larger crowd than had been expected, many had to stand, or sit on the grass. Northport furnished the "coffee and trimmings." The attendance was estimated at about 1500. Quite a large number of Indians attended and took their part as the real native old settlers. The Northport band furnished plenty of splendid and thrilling music. On account of the rush, President Allington was kept so busy looking after the comforts of the visitors that the meeting was not formally opened until the afternoon.

At 1:30 the meeting was called to order, and Rev. A. S. Carman invoked the divine blessing. This was followed by the address of welcome by President A. A. Allington, and the response was ably given by Senator W. L. Case of Benzonia,

who is a pioneer of 1856. Mr. W. L. Anderson, an old timer and a veteran of the Association was then given an opportunity to speak of the good things that were penned up in his brain and he spoke very feelingly on those who had recently passed away, Dr. Fralick and Mrs. Smith Barnes, and made very special remarks regarding the late A. V. Frederick, who for so many years was the life of the Association, as well as foremost in the various developments of the region.

Mrs. N. C. Morgan (Historian) then gave her paper of "Early Recollections." The paper was very interesting, well spiced, and included important incidents that have occurred during her 65 years in and about Northport.

The Misses Maret and Anna Garthe followed Mrs. Morgan with a beautiful duet, well rendered, entitled, "Breathe soft and low, O whispering wind."

In memory of those who have passed away in the seven counties of the Association, seven young ladies came forward with bouquets that they placed on a receptacle by the side of the printed names of each county. A large chorus choir of Indians sang a selection, and responded to an encore. Mrs. Geo. Greensky, a very able soloist, then sang in her native tongue, "The last Rose of summer," and "God will take care of you."

Hon. Frank Hamilton of Traverse City followed with general remarks relative to the Association, and incidentally declared that this meeting was of more value than perhaps any they had ever had. He said that the Historian's report was very substantial, and offered a resolution that the minutes of this meeting be sent to the Michigan Historical Commission at Lansing.

Miss Lucille Amiotte was then called on for a recitation which she very ably responded to.

There was considerable competition among the delegates as to where the next meeting should be held. Invitations were

given by Traverse City, Charlevoix, and Mancelona. Finally Mr. Frank Fleisher of Mancelona with Mr. Palmer of the same place by his side (the latter being 97 years old) made an impassioned request to have it at Mancelona, and in a "hands up" expression upon the various invitations, Mancelona won out. It may also be said that the Hon. Archie Buttars of Charlevoix made an urgent request for his town.

A very novel feature of this meeting was the picture on the programs and badges, of Man-e-do-wah-ba, who in his time was a very prominent Indian character. When attending the annual Indian payments by the Government he always came dressed in fantastic Indian garb. He used often to tell of his experience in wars, and as a scalper he no doubt was an expert. He took pride in showing with other ornaments a string of scalps. He used to tell of his experience at the time of the massacre at Chicago in the 30's. He boasted of having been an expert scalper. This never created much interest among his white listeners.

At about 4 o'clock the nominating committee presented the following names as Officers for the ensuing year, viz.:

President, Mr. Frank Fleisher, Mancelona.

Vice-President, Frank Hamilton, Traverse City.

Secretary, W. J. Neason, Mancelona.

Treasurer, M. E. Haskell, Traverse City.

—(*Reported by Secretary N. C. Morgan, Omena*).

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**T**HE NINTH Upper Peninsula meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society was held jointly with the Pioneer and Historical Society of Schoolcraft County at Manistique July 24-25.

The opening session was held on Thursday, July 24, beginning at 2 p. m., at the High School auditorium. Community singing was led by Mr. Edward Jewell. The invocation was

given by Rev. Fr. Schevers. President Edward Miller of the Schoolcraft County Pioneer Historical Society gave the address of welcome, to which Mrs. M. B. Ferrey of Lansing responded with an interesting and instructive talk on "Our Debt to the Pioneers." Mr. James Christensen, City Clerk of Manistique, read a paper on the history of that City.

Thursday evening's program was opened by Mrs. Paul Baldwin, with a piano solo, followed by the singing of "Michigan, My Michigan" by the audience. President Miller introduced Mr. Harlow A. Clark of Marquette, who read a paper giving interesting data on the development of mineral resources in the Lake Superior region, dwelling particularly on the Iron Mining Industry. Mr. John I. Bellaire of Manistique addressed the audience on "Pioneer Days" in state and county.

Friday morning's session opened with the invocation by Rev. A. Riley Crittenden of St. Ignace. Mr. W. L. Orr announced that Mr. Fuller, secretary of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society was prevented by illness from attending the meeting, and moved that a telegram of sympathy be sent by the Society to Mr. Fuller. President Miller appointed a committee to draw up and send the telegram, which was as follows: "The Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society and the Schoolcraft County Society at the Upper Peninsula meeting desire to greet you in appreciation of the faithful service you have rendered Michigan in encouraging the preservation of historic lore and wish to express our regret that illness has prevented your being with us."

At this session Hon. D. F. Morrison read a paper, entitled, "History of Germfask Township." Another paper given was "How the Local Pioneer-Historical Society Originated and Came Into Existence," prepared by Mrs. Nettie Thorborg, and read by President Miller. "Old Historic St. Ignace" was the title of a paper read by Rev. A. Riley Crittenden of St. Ignace.

Mr. John I. Bellaire presided at the Friday afternoon session. Mr. Edward Jewell led the community singing. A

piano duet was rendered by Mrs. Anna Owen and Miss Florence Williams. A fine historical address was given by Prof. Lew Allen Chase, head of the History Department at the Northern State Normal School, Marquette. Miss Jennie Mutart read a paper on "Anecdotes of Early Events in Manistique and Schoolcraft County." At this session discussion was had as to the place of holding the 1925 summer convention of the State Society, and it was voted that this subject be left to a committee composed of Secretary Fuller, Trustee Alvah L. Sawyer of Menominee, and Trustee Lew Allen Chase of Marquette. "Photographer" E. O. Brault after the meeting took a picture of the audience on the steps of the High School building. Automobiles conveyed those who desired to go to Indian Lake where "The Old Indian Burying Ground" and the site of the "Old Mission" was viewed. Many went to view the "Seven Years Spring" and to drink of its cool refreshing waters, which according to legend assure to the drinker seven years more of life and a return to the Spring.

At the opening of the last session, Friday evening, Mrs. Ferrey of Lansing who presided announced that she had a pleasant surprise for the audience. She said that Rev. Fr. Gagnieur of Sault Ste. Marie, who is a missionary to the Indians, would favor the audience with a selection on the piano. Fr. Gagnieur's lot is cast for months at a time with a class of people among whom he has no access to a piano. However, he played in a very able manner an original production and sang verses in French which received hearty applause.

Mrs. Ferrey, in behalf of the State and County societies, expressed thanks to the citizens and officials of the city for their many courtesies so freely given.

Mr. W. F. Kefauver accompanied by his daughter Helen, sang in his pleasing manner the selection "Pale Moon."

Rev. Fr. Gagnieur then addressed the meeting on "Schoolcraft County and Manistique,—What the Indians Knew About

Them." Mrs. E. W. Miller read a paper on "Pioneer Days in Manistique."

A unanimous vote of thanks was given to President E. W. Miller, and Mesdames Ferrey and Thorborg, for their good work, also to the newspapers and to all who took part in the program.

The convention was closed by the audience singing a song composed of Mrs. Thorborg, entitled "Schoolcraft County, my County." The meeting was voted one of the most inspiring historical gatherings ever held in the Upper Peninsula.—  
*(From the minutes of the meeting prepared by Mrs. Freda McKnight, Secretary of the Pioneer-Historical Society of Schoolcraft County).*

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## SOME LETTERS relating to the Old Walker Tavern, and to the Name BawBeese:

March 4, 1924

Dr. George Newman Fuller,  
Secy., Michigan Historical Commission  
Lansing, Mich.

Dear Sir:

According to promise made during interview in your office at Lansing last Friday, I am sending you my file of correspondence with Mr. James Fenimore Cooper of Albany, N. Y., grandson of the well known author, relative to the old Walker Tavern at Cambridge Junction, Lenawee County. You will note that Mr. Cooper finds no record or evidence to show that James Fenimore Cooper, the author, ever stopped at the Walker Tavern, and it is certain that none of his literary work was done there.

Harriet Martineau in "Society in America" gives an account of her trip over the Chicago Turnpike from Detroit westward in 1836. She mentions Tecumseh, which is east of Cambridge Junction, and also Jonesville, which is west, but she makes no reference to the Walker Tavern.

Daniel Webster made a trip to Ohio, Kentucky and Illinois, starting

in May, 1837. In returning from this trip he may have passed over the Chicago turnpike. During my conversation with you I had the impression that this trip was at a later date, and in fact there may have been some other journey through this region made by him, but I have not investigated in detail.

Last summer I visited Cambridge Junction and saw the printed announcement that was handed to visitors giving some points of history of the Walker Tavern. I inquired of the proprietor, who was very confident in relating the circumstances of visits there by distinguished people, whether there was any register showing the names of these visitors or other record evidence to support the claim that James Fenimore Cooper and family, and other people of note, were once guests there. The proprietor said there was no such record, that hotel registers were not then in customary use, but that the fact of these visits was clearly remembered by certain local "old residents."

An admission fee was charged to see the interior of the old Tavern and the various rooms named after alleged distinguished guests of the past, but I did not go into the building. In the interest of correct history and as a protection to the public against impositions and representations founded on purely fictitious basis or imagination it seems desirable to check up the facts of the history of this old Tavern. Kindly return the enclosures when you have finished with them.

Very sincerely yours,

John Millis

\* \*

3250 Euclid Avenue,  
Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1923.

Mr. James Fenimore Cooper,  
Cooperstown, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—

I have a clipping (no date) from the Adrian Daily Telegraph, published in Adrian, Lenawee County, Michigan, which describes "the old Walker Tavern at Cambridge Junction," a building that is still standing on the Detroit-Chicago Turnpike in Cambridge Township, above county. The article is by Frank S. Dewey, who I think lived at the time of writing in Detroit. He stated that in June, 1847, James Fenimore Cooper, the author, arrived in Detroit with his family and proceeded to the Walker Tavern where they spent "much of the summer of 1847." The party is described as consisting of Mr. Cooper and his wife, two daughters, two servants, and two Indian guides. Mr. Dewey



states that from this Tavern Mr. Cooper made exploring excursions as far west as Kalamazoo and that he was collecting material for "Oak Openings."

I have recently looked through your compilation of Mr. James Fenimore Cooper's letters, notes of his life, etc., but I found nothing in way of reference to the above trip to Michigan. I would like to learn the facts and what foundation, if any, there was for Mr. Dewey's account as above outlined.

Very respectfully yours,

John Millis.

\* \*

January 23, 1923.

Col. John Millis,  
Fern Hall Hotel,  
3250 Euclid Avenue,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

My dear Sir:—

I have yours of the 20th. Sorry to say I cannot give you any definite information with reference to the matter. Cooper did make a number of trips to Kalamazoo, as I know from his letters, but whether he ever stopped at the Inn in question, or had his wife with him, I cannot say. My papers are all in Cooperstown, and I cannot reach them at present. They are so numerous that it would be quite impossible for me to look them all through to answer this inquiry, but if you will drop me a line addressed to Cooperstown, N. Y., after the middle of May, I will give you any information I have at that time, & that I can obtain in a hurried examination of my papers.

Very truly yours,

James Fenimore Cooper

JFC/L

Jan. 24, 1923

\* \*

Aug. 22/23

My dear Sir.

Yours of the 5th was forwarded to me here.

I can find no evidence among my Cooper letters that he ever stopped at the Walker Tavern. All my letters are from Kalamazoo. Of course he may have been there & I have no evidence of it.

As to Oak Openings I feel certain that it was not written there as I recall references to it either in letters or in his diary—published

by me last year in "The Correspondence of James Fenimore Cooper," indicating that the book was written in the east.

Should anything turn up on the subject I will write you again.

Yours sincerely,

James Fenimore Cooper

John Millis Esq.

Cleveland, Ohio

\* \*

My dear Sir.

Since writing you this morning I have looked in the "Correspondence of James Fenimore Cooper" for Oak Openings & find that it was written here at Cooperstown in Jany. 1848. If you have access to a copy of this book you will find many references to O. O. in the diary of 1848 printed in Vol. II at page 727 &c.

Yours Sincerely,

James Fenimore Cooper

John Millis Esq.

Aug. 22/23

\* \* \* \*

BAWBEESE

February 11, 1924.

Mr. John Millis,

3250 Euclid Avenue,

Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Millis:

In reply to your letter of January 8th I have gathered the following information from an authority on Indian languages in the Bureau of American Ethnology. This authority says that the personal name Bawbeese, Bawbees or Bawbese certainly does not mean "Big Lake," but that it may mean either "The Smiler" or "Curly Headed." The same authority has cited the following references, which may interest you.

From a public address of Mr. F. A. Dewey, of Cambridge, Lenawee county, Michigan (June 15, 1881), I will make the following citations: "Shall we omit two natives, who delighted in good company, with a cheerful taste for whiskey, the renowned chiefs Bawbeese and Miteau?" I suppose "a cheerful taste for whiskey" was shared by the "good company" and the two chiefs, jointly and severally. In another citation

he said, "Baw Beese, a younger chief (than Miteau), whose camp was at the lake in Hillsdale county, which bears his name."

Orsamus Lamb, of Adrian, Michigan, said in an address in 1840, "Their chief was Baw Bese, one of the finest specimens of red men it has ever been my fortune to look upon," etc.

In another address, Mr. F. A. Dewey said that Bawbese "had for his wife a most excellent, brave and gifted woman, who was loved by her husband with a devotion beautiful to behold. She was a tender, winning, beautiful woman.... the mother of three active yet dutiful children, true descendants of a faithful father and a devoted mother."

Yours very truly,

Jas. McCormick  
Secretary.

Feb. 13, 1924

\* \*

March 6, 1924.

The United States Geographic Board,  
Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:

I have received your letter of Feb. 11th by Mr. James McCormick, Secretary, in reply to my request for any available information regarding the origin and significance of BawBese (variously spelled), name of a lake in Hillsdale County, Michigan, near the town of Hillsdale. I note that you referred the question to an authority on Indian languages in the Bureau of American Ethnology, and that this authority states that the name certainly does not mean "Big Lake," but that it may mean either "The Smiler" or "Curly Headed."

My own theory regarding this name may be of interest, and I therefore give it as follows. The early and somewhat prolonged and intimate contact between the French pioneers and the native Indians in Canada and the adjacent regions is well known. Detroit and Monroe on the eastern boundary of the lower Michigan peninsula were important centres of settlement of the French in the early days, and trails from both places led westward into the then wild country occupied only by red men. One of these trails, later developed as the Chicago Turnpike and still an important highway, passed not far from Bawbese Lake and the present town of Hillsdale. A band of the Potawatamis tribe of Indians had their habitat in Hillsdale County until a comparatively late period. They were removed to a western reserva-

tion in 1839. The sites of at least two of their regular camps are known, one in the township of Pittsford, still called Squaw Field, and one in Somerset Township. Whether they had regular camping grounds on or near Bawbese Lake I am not entirely certain:—But I think they had, and the fishing would at least have attracted them, and there is nothing in local conditions that would have rendered a camp there improbable.

There are a number of cases of local geographic names in southeastern Michigan (as elsewhere) which had a French origin and which became more or less distorted with the coming of the English when they superseded French rule in Canada. James Fenimore Cooper mentions some cases of this in his famous Indian stories. One of these is "*Bois Brulé*", (burnt woods) which became in the pronunciation of the English "*Bob Ruly*." In the Detroit River, a few miles below the city of that name, is a well known Island, a place of resort for amusement in summer, named *Bois Blanc*, (white woods or forest). This in colloquial pronunciation is now "*Bob-a-lo*", or even "*Bob-low*". Various other instances of similar transformation could be cited, but the above will suffice to illustrate the theory regarding "*Bawbese*."

The pronunciation of the French *Bois* (a wood or forest) may be closely indicated by *Bwah* in English, and this could easily become *Baw* with a scarcely recognizable change of sound. *Bis* in French, (brown), is pronounced *bee*. This must not be confused with another French word spelled the same way but pronounced *beece* and meaning *twice, over again*. We thus have *Bois-Bis*, a *brown forest*, pronounced in French *Bwah-Bee*, and becoming in time *Baw-bee*, and eventually *Baw-bese*, through erroneous assumption that the final *s* in the written French *bis* is not silent, or possibly through the erroneous use of this word in its feminine form *bise*.

Anyone who has seen the glorious autumn forest tints in southern Michigan after the early frosts have begun to get in their artistic work on the oaks and maples and other hardwood trees will recognize the appropriateness of *bois bis* for the setting of the beautiful Hillsdale lake. How the name came to be applied to an Indian Chief, whether by mere association or by some real or fancied characteristic which made the name appropriate for him, I do not undertake to say.

As an item that will perhaps be of rather special interest to your Board in its functions of exercising a guiding hand as to the spelling of geographic names on government publications, I will refer to the rural delivery map of Hillsdale County issued by the U. S. Post Office Department, Division of Topography. On this map the lake in ques-

tion is marked "Raw Geese L". This surely could not have been derived either from the French language or classic Indian.

Let it be clearly understood that the foregoing is distinctly an individual theory of the origin of *Bawbesc*, but based on analogy to other cases of words originating with the French which are believed to be similar. If this communication can be given some measure of publicity or be submitted to students of the early history of the region in question, criticism and comment may be elicited which will lead to establishing what was the real origin of the name.

I am taking the liberty of sending copies of this correspondence to Dr. George Newman Fuller of Lansing, Mich., Secretary of the Michigan Historical Commission and Editor of the Michigan History Magazine.

Very respectfully,

John Millis

\* \*

Hillsdale, March 8th, 1923.

John Millis—

Dear Sir.

My son, Archie Turrell, is teaching in Honolulu Hawaii, and I will send your letter to him, but it takes two weeks for a letter to reach him so you see it will be four weeks before you hear from him, and I am not sure that he has the data he gathered, while writing his paper, with him. I have tried to see what I could do to answer your questions. From handed down history in this city, which is near Baw Beese Lake, they think Baw means big and Beese lake or water.

The mounds are near Osseo Jefferson township.

Mrs. M. F. Turrell

100 Hillsdale St.

Hillsdale, Mich.

\* \*

(From an old resident)

Baw Beesc—big water

Michigaman—Indian name for Lake Michigan

Lake Mache Manito—lake of evil spirits—now Devil's Lake

Pen-nay-shen-og—lake of the birds—now Bird Lake.

In various parts of Jefferson township were mounds said by early residents to be Indian burial places. A lady remembers being taken

by her father to a place near Somerset where there were many mounds in a piece of woods, does not remember exact location. A resident of Hillsdale says he used to see mounds in Jefferson township near Osseo called Indian burial places.

I asked what kind of mounds. He said they were large—well rounded over—that he never knew of any being opened to see what they contained. This man has a copper knife which he found on his farm after ploughing,—thinks it is not of Indian make. The Fowlers named the lake for Chief Baw Beese—when he told them *bees* meant lake or water.

\* \*

Dole Hall, Punahou Schools,  
Honolulu, Hawaii, April 2, 1923

Mr. John Millis  
3250 Euclid Avenue  
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sir:

I have just received your letter of March 3 asking for a fuller explanation of the origin of the name Baw Beese. In reading over the article I see that I made no mention of the word *Baw*. It is the Indian word for big. When I sent the article to the Michigan History Magazine I was making preparations to come here to the Islands, so I did not have time to give it the careful revision that it should have had. I have thought several times since then that this fact is evident.

Regarding the burial places of the race preceding the Indians they were chiefly around Osseo, a small village five miles southeast of Hillsdale. I don't remember now whether the sources from which I gathered my information gave any more definite location of the Mounds than this.

Very respectfully yours,

Archie M. Turrell  
April 14, 1923

## AMONG THE BOOKS

**T**HE AMERICAN REVOLUTION: A CONSTITUTIONAL INTERPRETATION. By Charles Howard McIlwain, Professor of History and Government in Harvard University. Macmillan Co., N. Y.; 1923, pp. 198, price \$2.25.

The main conclusion of this work is "that the central problem of the American Revolution was the true constitution of the Empire." Prof. McIlwain does not regard highly the theory that the American Revolution was "inevitable." As for nationalistic tendencies in the thirteen colonies making Revolution inevitable in 1774, he sees few which were not equally operative in Upper Canada about 1837.

In concluding his study he says: "The general considerations just set forth led me to treat the imperial question as the central issue of the American struggle, and to pass over matters of fundamental law, taxation, or charters more rapidly, as of minor importance, or because they were included in and comprehended by the wider imperial question. On that question the rightfulness or wrongfulness of the American contention was, I think, really judged by the most acute of the statesmen of the revolutionary period. Upon it the relative merits of their claims must be estimated today. It is only fairness thus to estimate their claims by the strongest arguments they presented, rather than upon weaker or minor considerations. This, I submit, has not always been done, and to the detriment alike of the reputation of the revolutionary statesmen and of the satisfactoriness of some of the modern books."

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**E**UROPE SINCE 1789. By Edward Raymond Turner, Ph.D., Professor of European History in the University of Michigan. Doubleday, Page and Co., N. Y., 1924, pp. 846. Price \$3.50.

Professor Turner's earlier volumes, *Europe, 1789-1920*, *Europe Since 1870*, and *Europe, 1450-1889*, have been reviewed in the *Michigan History Magazine* for July-October 1921, January 1922, and January 1924. The present volume is a revision of the first one, bringing the narrative down to 1924.

So rapidly have events marched since 1920, so much new material has been added both in documents and in monographic studies during the last few years, that a thorough-going revision seems justified.



Prof. Turner has spared no pains in his scholarly application to the task. The result is a volume which really supersedes the earlier one, though covering much the same period. The first part of the earlier volume has been materially amplified. Additional maps have been provided. The reader will feel confident that he has here the latest scholarly statement of the essential features of European history since the beginning of the French Revolution.

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**N**EW VIEWPOINTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By Arthur Meier Schlesinger, Professor of History in the University of Iowa. Macmillan Co., N. Y., 1922, pp. 299. Price \$2.40.

"Most adult Americans of today," says the author, "gained their knowledge of American history before the present generation of historians had made perceptible progress in their epoch-making work of reconstructing the story of our past in the light of their new studies and investigations. . . .

"The object of the present work is to bring together and summarize in non-technical language, some of the results of the researches of the present era of historical study and to show their importance to a proper understanding of American history. It seems unnecessary to say that the interest aroused by the World War in Americanization work makes it important that all citizens of the republic should learn what the historians have to say about the past of their country: Americanization must begin at home. History teachers in the public schools may also find in this volume a short cut to a rather extensive literature inaccessible to most of them. It is the further hope of the author that graduate students venturing forth into the field of American history for the first time may find this volume useful in suggesting the special interests of the present generation of historians and some of the tendencies that seem likely to guide historical research for some years to come.

"The title of this volume is, in a sense, a misnomer since the viewpoints presented are not new to workers in the history field nor are *all* the new viewpoints set forth. In explanation of the omissions, the author can only plead his feeling that the points of view omitted are not as essential as those that have been included or else that the viewpoint in question has not yet been sufficiently worked out or defined to merit inclusion at this time."

The "viewpoints" are included under such chapter headings as, The Influence of Immigration on American History—Geographic Factors

in American Development—Economic Influences in American History—The Decline of Aristocracy in America—Radicalism and Conservatism in American History—The Role of Women in American History—The American Revolution—Economic Aspects of the Movement for the Constitution—The Significance of Jacksonian Democracy—The States Rights Fetish—The Foundations of the Modern Era—The Riddle of the Parties.

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**T**HE NEGRO IN OUR HISTORY. By Carter G. Woodson, Ph.D., editor of the *Journal of Negro History*; and author of *The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861*, *A Century of Negro Migration*, and *The History of the Negro Church*. The Associated Publishers Inc., Washington, D. C., 1922, pp. 393. Price \$2.

A succinct sketch of the leading facts of Negro life and history, specially adapted for use in schools. Numerous references for collateral reading. Generously illustrated. Specially interesting are the concluding chapters, "Achievements in Freedom," "The Negro in the World War," and "The Negro and Social Justice."

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**A** STUDY OF INTERNATIONAL GOVERNMENT. By Jessie Wallace Hughan, Ph.D., author of *American Socialism of the Present Day*, and *The Facts of Socialism*. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., N. Y., 1923, pp. 401. Price \$2.75.

One of the volumes in Crowell's Social Science Series, edited by Seba Eldridge, Department of Sociology, University of Kansas. Traces the development of international government from classical times to the present, examines the several factors in this development, and presents an analysis of the problem of effective international organization. Whether or not one agrees with all its deductions, this volume will be of interest to all who are in favor of higher ideals in world government.

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**D**EMOCRACY IN AMERICA. By Jerome Dowd, M.A., Professor of Sociology, University of Oklahoma. The Harlow Publishing Co., Oklahoma City, 1921, pp. 506. Price \$3.50.

Contains very readable chapters on the industrial, domestic, political,

religious, and intellectual life; the literature, the press, bench and bar, drama, oratory, the arts, manners, science, education, and philosophy, of present-day America. The author observes, speaking of our critics:

"It should be borne in mind that, for the most part, the critics of American democracy have belonged to a period when national provincialism and national antagonisms were much stronger than they are today, and when a sense of loyalty to one's own country seemed to demand the disparagement of everything novel or unfamiliar in any other country. It is also to be noted, that America has always furnished an inviting field for criticism because of the vastness of the country, its scattered population, and the extraordinary individuality of its people, resulting in marked deviations from the conventions of the Old World. The foreign travelers necessarily encountered in America methods of doing business, manners, customs, institutions, and moral and religious practices which they had not the wisdom to understand, and which furnished them with subject-matter only for scoffing and reproof. Furthermore, during the first half of the nineteenth century, America stood alone as an example of a great national democracy, and was the target for every royalist and aristocratic wit in Europe. These writers found fault with everything that they saw or failed to see. They derided our statesmen, spoke contemptuously of our literature and art; they complained of our bad roads, rough-riding coaches, uncomfortable hotels, undeferential servants, our rocking-chairs, hot bread, table manners, and our chewing of tobacco and spitting. . . .

"About 1843 we are made to feel very bitter over the revelation of American characteristics in Martin Chuzzlewit; but at the same time we overlooked the frightful mortification of the British that the nativity of Mr. Pecksniff was assigned to their island, and that America furnished the conditions for the renovation of Mr. Chuzzlewit's character. . . .

"The time has come when discussions as to the comparative merits of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy among the nations of the world, have only a scholastic interest; for it is well known that under existing forms of government, some democracies are in reality the worst examples of despotism, and some monarchies are in fact thorough-going democracies. Democracy has no necessary connection with the nominal form of a government, but is the organization of public opinion and its expression in the life of a people. It is a tendency which has always and everywhere been in process to the extent that

the development of enlightenment, communication and cooperation has blazed the way.

"In the light of this view of democracy, it is not a presumption to suppose that the experience and present status of democracy in America may be of interest to every other nation.

"'America,' says Bryce, 'has in some respects anticipated European nations. She is walking before them along a path which they may probably follow. She carries behind her, to adopt a famous simile of Dante's, a lamp whose light helps those who come after her more than it always does herself, because some of the dangers she has passed through may not recur at any other point in her path; whereas they, following in her footsteps, may stumble in the same stony places, or be entangled in the quagmires into which she slipped.'"

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**C**HICAGO'S HIGHWAYS OLD AND NEW; FROM INDIAN TRAIL TO MOTOR ROAD. By Milo M. Quaife. With an introduction by Joy Morton. Published by D. F. Keller and Co., Chicago, 1923, pp. 277. Price \$3.

In twelve delightful chapters Dr. Quaife has "endeavored to reconstruct for the entertainment of present-day readers a picture of the now-forgotten life of the pioneer highways which made possible the development of Chicago in the days before the coming of the railroad."

The period covers the years from 1837 to 1852,—from the incorporation of Chicago (which happens to coincide with the date of the admission of Michigan into the Union) to the coming of the Michigan Central and the Michigan Southern railroads to that city. At the beginning of the period Chicago had a population of about 3000. "Yankee Lewis" who founded "Yankee Springs" in Barry County, Michigan, looked over the site of Chicago in 1835 and declared it a "dirty French and Indian trading post." But population was destined to increase, and by 1852 its people had succeeded in making it the center of trade for a vast territory. The period is colorful with the romance of frontier life.

The linking of the old with the new in this volume has been skillfully done. The work will specially appeal to motorists, recalling something of interest at almost every turn of roads leading from the great metropolis. To an appreciable extent the volume is a Michigan work, covering a large part of southern Michigan. Chapter II on "The Road to Chicago" is largely the story of the old Detroit-Chicago turnpike.

Maps, plans and photographs have been amply provided. Specially welcome is the accuracy of the text.

The author, Dr. M. M. Quaife, formerly Superintendent of the Wisconsin Historical Society, has recently accepted the position of Secretary-Editor of the Burton Historical Collection, Detroit Public Library. A review of his work was printed in the April number of this Magazine.

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**UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN PUBLICATIONS CONTAINING MATERIAL OF SCIENTIFIC OR LEARNED CHARACTER.** Compiled by Esther Anne Smith, Head Cataloguer, General Library, University of Michigan. Edited by William Warner Bishop, Librarian. Published by the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, 1922, pp. 99.

A list "prepared following the request of the Association of American Universities in accordance with a form recommended by its Committee on a Catalogue of University Publications."

On page 13 are listed the "University of Michigan Historical Studies," published under the direction of the Department of History, comprising *A History of the President's Cabinet*, by Mary Louise Hinsdale (1911), \$2; *English Rule in Gascony, 1199-1259, with Special Reference to the Towns*, by Frank Burr Marsh (1912), \$1.25; *The Color Line in Ohio; a History of Race Prejudice in a Typical Northern State*, by Frank Uriah Quillin (1913), \$1.50. These volumes may be obtained at the above prices from the University Library.

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**THE FINANCIAL SUPPORT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN: ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT.** By Richard Rees Price, A.M., Director of University Extension, University of Minnesota. Published by Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., 1923, pp. 58.

This is Number VIII, Harvard Bulletins in Education, issued by the Graduate School of Education. Part I is a brief historical survey, covering the federal land grants in the organization of the Northwest Territory, and the founding of the University of Michigan. Part II takes up the original United States land grant, the legislative \$100,000 loan of 1838, the State permanent mill tax, legislative direct appropriations, student fees, and gifts and bequests of individuals. Statistical tables, comparisons and trends are considered in a closing section. A brief bibliography is appended.

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**Y**EAR BOOK, MICHIGAN SOCIETY, SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, 1919-1923. Compiled by Raymond E. Van Syckle, Secretary, Detroit, 1923, pp. 93.

Contains two historical papers by William L. Jenks, Historian of the Society: being *William Hull—First Territorial Governor* (Read at Detroit, Feb. 23, 1922), and *Michigan Territory Under a British Governor* (Read at the annual meeting, April 16, 1923).

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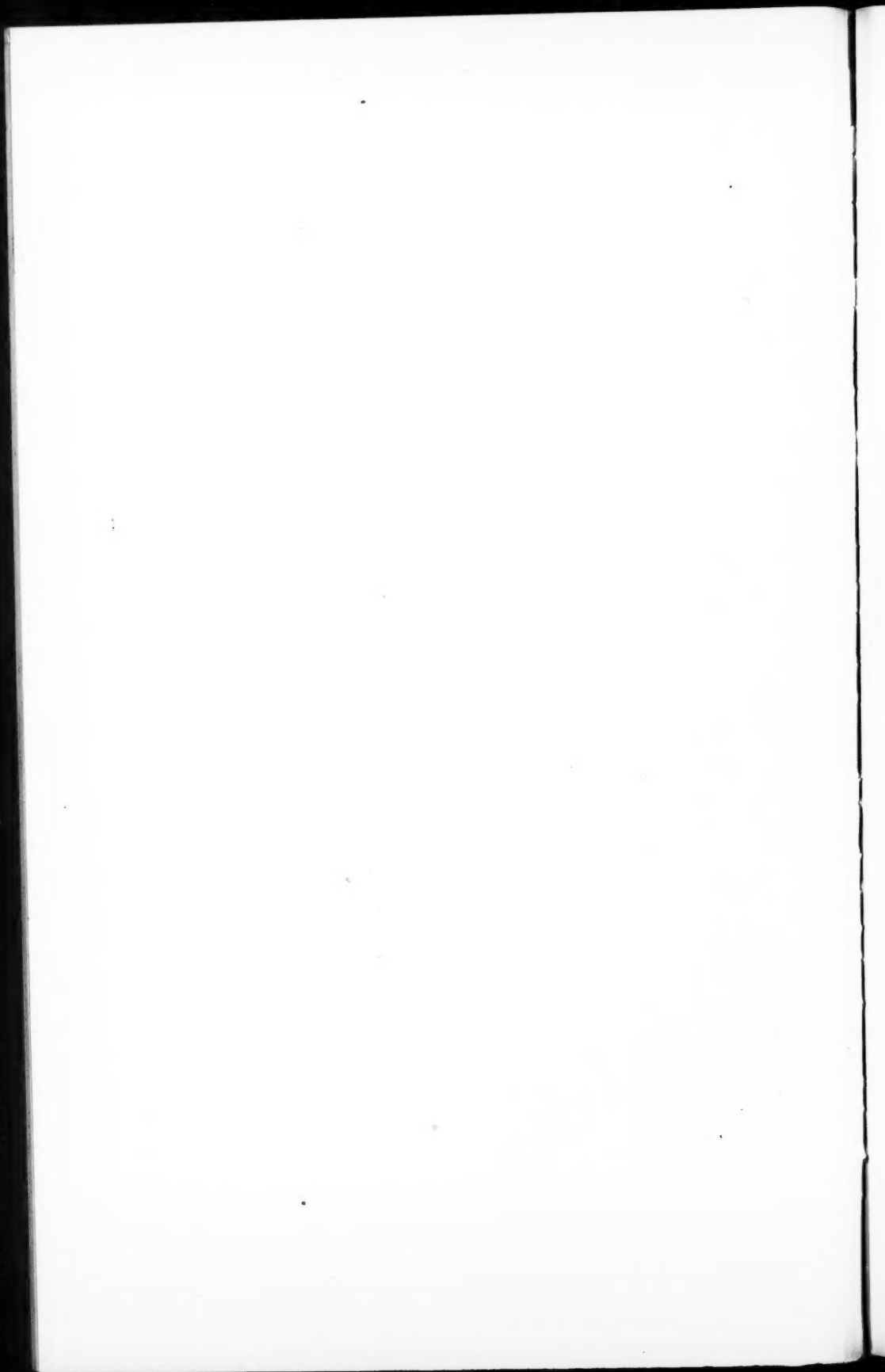
**T**HE STORY OF SAULT STE. MARIE AND CHIPPEWA COUNTY. By Stanley Newton. Published at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, 1923.

Those who have worn out their copy of the earlier edition of Mr. Newton's book will welcome his delightful little volume in its new dress. The story of the Michigan northland never grows old, and in Mr. Newton's hands it takes on the added charm of a skilled master in the art of story telling. Myth, legend and history are woven here into a prose poem as it were, conveying the true spirit of the "Land of the North," as in the poem prefixed to the volume:

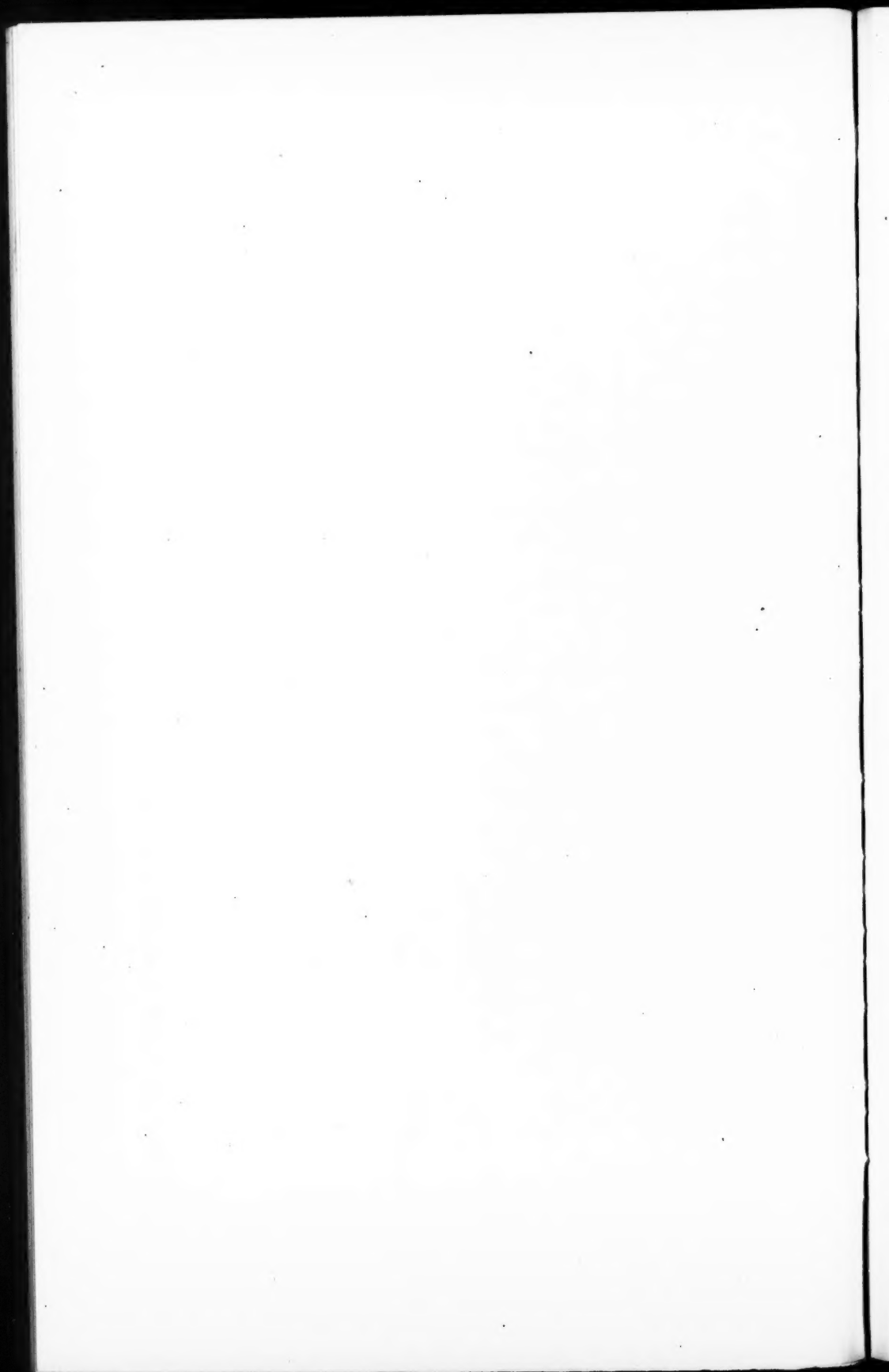
There is a glamor in the singing pines,  
There is a glint upon thy hardy flowers,  
A lusty beauty in the forest vines  
Proclaims the magic of thy sunny hours;  
Thou subtle North! where diverse spells beguile  
And land and lake conspire to tease the eye,  
So it might rove from witching wile to wile,  
From hill to wave, from stream to sapphire sky;  
Bring to this pageant all the glorious past,  
Blend with these charms tradition's rosy glow;  
Cherish thy gallants, heroes first to last,—  
It is thy richer crown, the lore of long ago!







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